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SKETCHES  
OF  
MARTHA'S VINEYARD  
AND  
OTHER REMINISCENCES  
OF  
TRAVEL AT HOME,  
ETC.

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BY AN INEXPERIENCED CLERGYMAN.

S. A. Devens

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BOSTON,

PUBLISHED BY JAMES MUNROE & CO.

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## PREFACE.

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IN offering the present volume to the public the writer has been much influenced by the favorable judgment of individuals, for whom he has the highest respect, upon those portions which appeared in the *Christian Register* in 1836—7. He has been told they were worthy of being issued in a collected form. May it prove so. They have been revised with considerable care, and many alterations and additions made. The original form of 'Letters' in the *Sketch of the Vineyard* it was thought best to preserve. A good deal of the present volume, beside the *Memoirs* at the close, has not before seen the light, but he trusts that what has been annexed will not be unacceptable to his readers. He has aimed at candor and truth in the narration of facts and the description of scenes.

The writer does not profess to be a great traveller ever at home, and what he has written has been thrown off hastily in the intervals of professional labour. His object has been to add something to the enjoyment, if not the improvement of his readers, and, to accomplish this end, he has been willing to expose himself to the charge of an itch for authorship. To those who have been over the same routes, it may be pleasing to have their recollections revived. To those who have not, the following pages may serve, at least, as hints and directions.

SAMUEL ADAMS DEVENS.





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## SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

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### LETTER I.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD, 18—.

*To the Editor of the Christian Register: —*

HAVING recently passed some little time on the Vineyard, perhaps a general description of the island — of the state of society and religion in its principal town, its metropolis as it were, may not be unacceptable to your readers. I hope not to trespass upon more interesting and useful matter that should find place in your paper.

The Island of Martha's Vineyard was discovered as early as 1602, by Gosnold. Thomas Mayhew of Watertown obtained a grant of it in 1642. Soon after he removed to the island he was appointed its Governor. Previous, however, to his arrival several English families resided here, for a church was gathered as early as 1641, of which his son was pastor. The original name of the Island is supposed by Dr. Belknap to be Martin's Vineyard, from Martin Pring, who visited it about a year after it was discovered, and spent some weeks gathering

sassafras. A fanciful and amusing origin of the names of the various islands in this region is handed down from father to son, viz: — that three sisters who came over from England — Eizabeth, Martha, and Ann had the choice of them, and Elizabeth preferred that cluster which is known by her name — Martha, the Vineyard — and *Ann took it*, (Nantucket) the only one left.

The Vineyard is nineteen miles long and upon an average five miles broad. It is generally level, though in the northern and western parts the land rises into hills of two hundred and fifty feet above the adjacent country. This range of hills is denominated the back-bone of the island. There is a plain in the southern part, upon which Edgartown is situated, eight miles in length and five or six in breadth. Various roads intersect it, running in all directions; but the beauty of the plain consists in this, that on horseback, or with any vehicle, you may strike from the beaten track and make a course for yourself wherever you please upon a firm foundation of smooth, closely-matted grass-ground. On this plain it is a delightful ride of three miles from Edgartown to the South Shore where the full swell of the sea comes in with its mountain-waves. Indeed, when the wind has subsided after a storm, and the sun pours his glory upon the outspread ocean and peaceful land, if there is sublimity anywhere, it is here, where the white-crested billows, curling in tripple lines on either side of you as far as the eye can

reach, and bounding on with inexpressible majesty and loveliness fling themselves with furious energy and deafening roar at your feet, and chase you from your thoughtless and irreverent intrusion upon their sacred domain. Often have I visited it on foot and horse, (here the high-mettled speechless animal, the better for being such, is the best company, seems to comprehend and participate your emotions, and relieves that feeling of extreme solitariness which comes over the soul) sometimes with friends — generally alone — and never without an awful sense of the grandeur of God's works, felt nowhere else. — The soul cannot but inwardly breathe that highly expressive and noble passage of Scripture, 'Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty. There is that in the spectacle which oppresses one with a sense of utter powerlessness and insignificance. When witnessed for the first time by a person of sensibility, to speak or move is out of the question. It was told to me at Nantucket some two or three years since, where the sea breaks in a similar manner, that the Falls of Niagara generally disappoint those who have seen the surf under the most favorable circumstances. For myself, expecting much in the former case and little in the latter I must confess that sublimer emotions were awakened in my bosom upon the desolate, storm-beaten shores of Nantucket and the Vineyard, than upon the Terrapin or Table-rocks. The falls, however, notwithstanding the disappointment to which we are liable



in consequence of high-wrought expectation, must ever remain the unsurpassed wonder of the world. The beach is continually changing. One day you will see it a smooth and gentle slope to the water's edge ; the next thrown up into a perpendicular bank several feet in height. Within a century one half a mile of the shore has been carried away. The noise of the surf is heard for miles, and in Edgartown it so fills, literally *fills* the air at times that you may easily imagine the waters of the great deep have burst their barriers, and are approaching the town to overwhelm it in their terrible wrath. Along the shore is a great variety of sea-fowl. The inhabitants of the town not infrequently resort thither to kill a mess for their families. One afternoon I ventured to the beach with my travelling companion to whom I became quite attached, when the wind blew enough to take one's whiskers off and the ocean was lashed into more than ordinary rage. I perceived at a distance a somewhat tall personage, equipped with arms. Not doubting his vocation I advanced toward him. He stood upon the margin of an elevated bank, against which every wave beat with fearful violence. Suddenly he disappeared. Whether the earth or sea had swallowed him was to me a matter of uncertainty. As I drew near he rose. I found him standing in a circular hole he had dug in the sand, his implement of death deposited by his side, and encircled with sea-birds, the trophies of his skill. Though it was piercing cold, his shoes were off his



feet, and carefully placed aside. When not intruded upon, as at present, he crouched in his hole watching his prey, (very much as the ant-lion is said to do,) which he brought down as they passed him on the wing. I exchanged a few words with him as well as I could amid the blinding spray and the noise of the elements. Not wishing to interrupt him longer, and fearing a gust of rain which was likely to overtake me from the West, I turned my horse and rode hastily home.—In the neighborhood of E. there is an elevation of land of no more than 50 feet, from which is a fine view of the town; the harbor with its shipping; the sweeping course of Chappquiddick island; the plain spotted with sheep; several cottage-houses in the distance; the oak-forests in the interior; the blue waters stretching along the horizon till lost from the eye by the high land on the North and West.

The harbor of E. is almost entirely protected from winds and is one of the best in the world. A Nothwester drove in something like an hundred sail a few weeks since. Though the wind blew a hurricane, and every thing on land shook as with the palsy, the surface of the bay was but little agitated and the vessels lay as tranquil as sea-birds in a calm. Next day the weather changed, and the scene I can never forget. The wind coming from the opposite quarter, the clouds passed off and the sun came down upon the waters bright and beautiful. The craft, small and great, uplifted their silver sails, and

with a good breeze made out to sea in almost regular succession. For an hour or two they might be counted a few hundred rods apart, cleaving the deep blue waves with their dashing prows. At length they broke from the line and dispersed in all directions upon the boundless ocean.

The harbor is so much superior to that of Nantucket, that the whale-ships belonging to the latter are obliged to resort to it to prepare for their voyages, and, I believe, to unlade when they return. — Lighters carrying their outfits or return-freights, run between the islands. The soil of the island is in many parts fertile, producing good crops of Indian corn, rye, potatoes, &c. more than enough for home consumption. Some of the grass land is as good as it is upon the continent. There are some fine orchards and different kinds of berries are plentiful. Much of the island is covered with a growth of small oak. At Gayhead, the western extremity of the island, are some objects of no little curiosity. This is the territory of the Indians, of whom there yet remain several hundred. The clay banks or cliffs at G. are 150 feet from the shore and in some places nearly perpendicular. Washed as they are by tempestuous rains into a variety of shapes, frequently resembling the most symmetrical Gothic pinnacles, and reflecting the several colors, white, red, blue, yellow and black, as strongly and brilliantly as if prismatic, (each pinnacle having a different color,) as you pass them on the Sound in a clear day they are

said to be indescribably beautiful. Whatever they are on the water — they are so on the land. Hence the name Gayhead. Petrifications of different sorts, such as wood, quohaugs, and the vertebræ of fish, are taken from these cliffs 130 feet from the shore. The vertebra of a Lizard was shown me as large in circumference as ~~the~~ *the ordinary plate*, or the *inner edge of my hat trim*. This lizard, so thought Professor Silliman, must have been 100 feet long and belonged to a species now extinct. The gentleman, who was kind enough to accompany me to the cliffs, dug from them the petrified claw of a turtle, quite perfect and of course very valuable. There is much food here for the Geological student.

At Gayhead light was the home of Mrs. Remember Skiffe, ever memorable, who lived a century, and when 93 years old knit 50 pairs of stockings in twelve months, and upon whom the angel of disease never put his finger until he summoned her from the world. Although G. is twenty miles from E. and it is necessary in going thither to take down and put up, some thirty pairs of bars, it will well repay the perseverance of the visitor. Here he will see the Devil's Den; which resembles the crater of an extinct volcano; where, tradition informs us, the Giant Maushop took up his abode and boiled whales for breakfast upon the forest trees he tore up by the roots. He decamped very suddenly and left his Satanic majesty heir to his possessions. The Panorama from the light, or from the head is very

extensive and fine. The eye takes in the broad expanse of the ocean ; the Sound with its many sail ; Falmouth ; N. Bedford, and the blue outline of Norman's Land and the Elizabeth Islands. But enough for the present. Yours, &c.

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## LETTER II.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD, 18—.

It is surprizing how ignorant many of us are of many portions of our own State—even of places but a day's ride from our homes. Of many a man in the State, even in the metropolis thereof, you might ask the question, whether Duke's County is a part of Massachusetts or Virginia, who would be at a loss for an answer. The most that is generally known of Martha's Vineyard, the larger part of the County, is, that it is an island. But exactly where it is ; how far from the main, and whether represented in the General Court, many, I think, would be puzzled to say.

The County was under the jurisdiction of the Duke of York for some thirty years, until 1692 when it became *actually* a part of Massachusetts: I say *actually*, as it was nominally attached to Massachusetts as early as 1644, and afterwards in like manner to New York, for the only testimony of allegiance paid to the latter state was the primitive tax

of two barrels of pickled codfish every year. During the whole period of the settlement of the Vineyard from a time farther back than 1642, until it was finally and inseparably bound to Massachusetts in 1692, it was quite republican in the mode of its government. It was and is still, a place by itself — unique in its character and in the habits of its population. The point of the Vineyard, nearest Boston, is but little over eighty miles. There are two routes. You may go to N. Bedford and thence take the Nantucket Steamboat, which touches at Holmes' Hole — or to Falmouth through Plymouth and Sandwich, thence in the mail boat to the same point. The distance from N. Bedford to Holmes' Hole is twenty-seven miles — from Falmouth, eight miles. Packets moreover run every day from N. Bedford to Edgartown, a distance of thirty-six miles. The trip from N.-Bedford to Edgartown, whether you proceed the whole distance by water or touch at Holmes' Hole, and cross the Island in a regular stage or chaise, is exceedingly pleasant.

The superb city-like appearance of N. Bedford from Buzzard's Bay, (from this position it surpasses in beauty the principal cities of the Union) the Elizabeth Islands of various form, size and aspect, those elysian fields for the bleating lambs and their meek mothers ; the broad Vineyard Sound ; and the irregular shore of the Continent, here and there enlivened by a diminutive village — these, to say nought of the Vineyard itself, more or less attract

the eye and serve to render the passage interesting. From Falmouth to the Vineyard it is common to sail in an hour or a little over, and from N. Bedford to Edgartown, not uncommon to sail in three hours and a half. The packets, though not large, are first rate, and, with a smart breeze and favorable tide, will run twelve knots the hour with safety.

The Vineyard is a paradise for sportsmen, abounding in all sorts of fish and wild-fowl. Forty species of the latter might be enumerated without comprehending near all. Domestic animals of all sorts, especially sheep, are raised upon the island. In 1807 there were about fifteen thousand. There has been some diminution since, and the exact number I cannot state. Nantucket is somewhat indebted to the Vineyard for its meat as well as vegetable market. The roads on the island are good or bad according to the nature of the soil. The road to the south shore is as good as one can desire. That to Holmes' Hole is not good, though as it leads directly across the Island through a peculiar sort of woodland, and as the scenery is wild and novel, it affords quite an agreeable ride. Some parts of the Vineyard are covered with shells to the depth of three feet. They are mostly the scallop and quahaug. In Edgartown there is an acre and a half covered to this depth. These are, unquestionably, spots where the Aborigines had their abode. Their remains and implements are frequently exhumated in different parts of the Island.



The wonder has been expressed that the Islanders do not engage in the whale fishery. Ignorance is apt to wonder. The truth is, they *are* engaged in it, and own eight or nine first-rate ships. They were engaged in it before the revolutionary war, to the amount of fifteen or sixteen sail, but owing to some depressing losses occasioned by the war it was given up. I am informed that eighty captains of whaling ships belong to Edgartown. They sail mostly from N. Bedford and are esteemed the most skillful and trust-worthy that can be found. It has been recently the same as asserted in some of the public prints, that the inhabitants are unenterprising. This is also far from the truth. Ample evidence to the contrary is contained in what has just been stated. If more evidence is needed, we might add, that out of a population in Edgartown of fifteen hundred, (which number comprises all ages, *male and female*,) about three hundred of those who have arrived at maturity — the most active and vigorous, the bone and muscle of the community are, I may say, ever abroad and in all quarters of the globe : and further that, out of a population of three thousand on the island, about five or six hundred cannot be said to have a home upon the land, but go down and not only go down, but live upon the sea in ships and do business, most venturous business, upon the great waters.

Holmes' Hole is just what its name indicates. The village of the same designation is very prettily

situated at the head of the bay which runs far into the land. It has on each side a promontory extending boldly into the Sound. These promontories are denominated the East and West Chop; perhaps because they *chop* the sea. It contains some churches and is about one third the size of Edgartown. This latter place (pronounced *Edgar-ton*) is situated on the south-eastern shore of the Island and is as compact as a city. The fellow-feeling produced by their circumstances, their island-residence and sea-occupation, naturally concentrates inhabitants.

The soil is more sandy here than in the more western parts of the Island. Several wharves run out some distance from the shore, and as vessels oftentimes lie on all sides, in bad weather, from six to ten deep on the lee side, they give to the town an appearance of considerable business and enterprize. Many of the vessels are engaged in the fisheries, and belong to the Saturday Baptists of New London. This sect was new to me until I visited the Vineyard. There I learned that they keep strictly the Jewish Sabbath, and make for the harbor on Friday evening or Saturday morning. On this day, the crews of several vessels congregate together and have a regular service performed. Their character in a moral and religious point of view is represented very favorably. But to return, the houses are only two stories in height, neat, though many are unpainted. The best paint is worn off in a year or two by



the salt air and the driving storms. Whitewash is almost, if not quite, as durable. Some of them are modern in their structure, painted white, and ornamented with Venetian blinds. A taste for a variety of colors prevails. It is not uncommon to see the body of a house of one color with the border or trimmings of another. The fences are touched off in like manner. Many of them, along the top, are hollowed into curves resembling those formed by chains suspended at each extremity. The houses have a social aspect, and remind one of the mild climate of a southern latitude, for almost every door opens upon an enclosed platform furnished with seats on either side. Handsome grass-plots ornamented with flowers, are attached to several houses in the village. An air of comfort pervades the apartments and the tables are well supplied with good things. Bread-making is an art well understood and for it the inhabitants are famed. Though fish is so plentiful and excellent, I never saw it served up but twice in the course of a month, and then in consequence of some wish expressed to that effect. That nearest at hand is often least desired. A common blessing is often, for that reason, least prized. Pies and cake with tea and coffee are in many families put upon the table three times a day. The inhabitants are remarkable for their kind-heartedness; and, though a certain class are said to be grossly ignorant, the standard of intelligence is much higher than in the inland towns of our State. The propor-

tion of females is large, partly owing to the exposure of the male population. One is surprised to observe so many pleasant and intelligent countenances, such a degree of good taste in dress and improvement in manners. Even to this place, by some considered a by-corner of the world, the empire of fashion has reached and exerts a powerful influence. Of the inhabitants in general and of the amiable sex in particular, it may be said with truth that they are in mind acute and sprightly ; in temperament gleeful and happy. Their sensibilities are quick, and hence they are more liable to turns of excitement and depression than the dwellers upon the continent.

The causes which have conduced to this peculiarity will be remarked upon in my next letter.

Yours, &c.

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### LETTER III.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD, 18—.

IN my last letter it was remarked that the Islanders are quick in their sensibilities, easily excited and easily depressed. In the present it is my intention at the first, to fulfil my promise of assigning the causes which have united to produce their peculiar temperament. With this the climate is generally acknowledged to have much to do, operating as it does, powerfully upon the nervous system. Other causes, co-operating with the one mentioned, are the

free use of strong tea and coffee, which constitute a part, and an important part, of every meal ; the nature of sea life, which carries the men far away from their homes and exposes them to great hazards, thus depriving their families of their counsel and encouragement and keeping these in a continual state of anxiety — their out-of-the-way-of-the-world situation, having the effect to concentrate and strengthen their interests and affections, their extraordinary religious efforts and excitements, continued in times past, night after night, for months in succession. You may be surprized, Mr. Editor, at this last observation. There is no doubt, however, of the fact, and as little of the result ; for my information is derived from many persons, and especially from an intelligent physician resident upon the Island for several years. Why, Sir, this place has been the stronghold of fanatical preachers, and not seldom patients have been transferred from the hands of the clergyman to those of the physician. What think you of meetings every night in the week for six weeks, yes, for three months in succession, prolonged sometimes even into midnight, until the vestry floor, by its apparently lifeless trophies, bears melancholy witness to the tremendous effects wrought upon the nervous system by the machinery of superstition? Such unwelcome statements I would not publish unless supported by the best of evidence. They proceed from the lips of those who have been constant attendants on such occasions. But to borrow the quaint

phrase of an ungrammared rustic, — ‘times a’n’t as they used to was.’ There has been some change for the better, though, strange as it may seem, the present Clergyman of the Trinitarian Society in Edgartown, one year since, held a meeting of no less than six weeks duration. You may form some conception of the burden of his duties, when informed that he had just entered the ministry and been ordained over his people. He told me he was pretty much run down; and well he might be. It is surprising he ever got up again.

An anecdote occurs to me illustrative of the extent to which religious excitement has been sometimes carried. A farmer, who had been in the habit of attending the protracted meetings, was much wrought upon. One day, while hoeing in his field alone, he was worked up into a state of uncontrollable ecstasy. In the wild rush of his feelings he threw his hoe into the air with all the momentum that lay in his muscles and shouted to the top of his lungs. But to return.

How far, or whether in any degree the temperament of the islanders is to be ascribed to inherited tendencies I am unable to affirm, though intelligent and well informed gentlemen say that some of the the original settlers were constitutionally nervous, and that, in consequence of the little intercourse they had with the continent in former times and their near as well as frequent intermarriages, the evil has been aggravated. However this may be,

One thing is certain, that at the present day this characteristic is more observable in some families and their branches than in others. Cases of nervous debility, hysteries, and mental prostration are not infrequent. Taking a walk one pleasant morning I left the town a mile or two behind me, pursuing my way into the interior of the island. Being somewhat fatigued, I sat down to rest myself on the edge of a forest of small oak trees. Not expecting to be greeted by the sight of a human being I suffered myself to fall into an idle reverie. In a moment or two turning my eye into the depth of the forest, I perceived a wagoner descending a small rise of ground with a load of produce. Fearing he might be somewhat startled at the sight of me in that solitary place, I resolved to prove to him that mental alienation had not caused me to stray thither, and when he reached me, forthwith commenced conversation with him. We walked along in company. In early life, he said, he had been accustomed to the seas, but was now engaged in tilling the soil some eight or nine miles from Edgartown. He was talkative and knowing, and told me about the island, its climate, and inhabitants. Said he, a certain person, (naming him) who had been much about the world, said to my father, that in all his travels he never saw so many 'Narvous' people as on this Island, and the farmer corroborated this observation by adding that there were indeed 'many women in a poor way — and some persons crackheaded.' Other items of his

conversation I remember, but this is all to my purpose.

Beside snervous disorders, which are common, consumption prevails to some extent ; but, it is thought, less than on the continent. To fevers, dysentery and gout the Islanders can hardly be said to be subject. The temperature is even, the mercury seldom if ever rising above 85, or falling lower than 6 below zero. The air is remarkably pure and for most constitutions salubrious. Those who are from the inland part of the continent, are generally braced up, and highly exhilarated by its powerful nervous action. Unless when the weather changes there is far less difference between the air in the day and night than in Boston and other parts of Massachusetts. No noxious exhalation from the ground infuses its chill and poison. There is a blandness in the breath of night that is truly delicious. For spring and mid-winter in this respect I cannot vouch, but for summer and autumn I can. The consequence is that the latter part of the day and evening are the chosen time for the fair to make their appearance. At this period there is a life and joy around that remind one of a different clime.

The length of the village is the common promenade. A favorite resort is the Breakwater, erected by the general government at an expense of seven thousand dollars. It is built very strong of plank and timber, and runs an eighth of a mile into the Bay. It is wider than the foot walks of our bridges, and be-



ing railed in, much resembles them. At its extremity is a small dwelling and light-house, conjoined. It is of the purest white and glistens beautifully in the clear beams of the setting sun. The view, from this point, of the lively happy village reposing so quietly along the shore, and of the calm blue Bay outspread on either side, is uncommonly pleasing. The termination of an afternoon's ramble generally found me fastened to this attractive spot.

About the climate it may be well to make one or two more observations. In Winter the winds are boisterous. From whatever quarter they blow they have an almost unimpeded sweep across the Island. In Spring and Summer fogs are frequent but not injurious to health. The suddenness with which, however dense, they are burnt up by the morning sun in Summer, is truly astonishing. It is almost a fairy scene. During the most severe and fleecy winters upon the main snow falls but very seldom, and even *poor* sleighing is a rare phenomenon. Last Winter there was not snow enough on the ground for sleighing until March, and then only for a few days. In mid-winter the Island is mostly encircled with ice. For some days all communication with the main is cut off. Last winter the Packets were obliged to lie by for four weeks; the mail-boat however was detained but a week. The climate is favorable to longevity. As an evidence of this it is related that out of six of the Mayhew family, that might be named, not one died onder 84; two died

at 87, and one at 90. Of the Coffin family it is also matter of history, that the father died at 83, and of his ten children none died under 70, four died above 80, and two at 90.

The Piano did not find its way to the Island until recently. Now you are enlivened by the pleasant tones of several, as you pass up and down the principal street. At any hour of the night the streets are perfectly safe. On Nantucket, a few years since, it was so well known who was on the Island, and such a true, confidential, and delightfully pleasant feeling pervaded the population, that it was an unknown thing to lock or bar one's doors at night. I doubt not the same was true of the Vineyard.

There are no signs of intemperance in Edgartown. None are licenced to sell spirit, and all that is used is bought and sold secretly. Beer, cider, and wine are rarely seen. The inhabitants are remarkable for a generous, upright, peaceable, and religious character. Only three cases of litigation have gone to the Jury in the space of five years. Of course there is little or nothing for lawyers to feed upon. Knitting was a very general occupation some thirty years since. We are informed by Dr. Freeman,\* that 15,000 pairs of stockings,—3,000 mittens, and 600 wigs for seamen were knit annually. It is far from being so now. The good old times rise in judgment

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\*He wrote an interesting narrative of Duke's County in 1807, inserted in the Collection of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Vol. 3d, 2d Series.



against the sad degeneracy of the present, and condemn them. It used to be said that when you reached Cape Poge light (which is near the North extremity of Chappaquiddick Island and several miles from the Vineyard) you could hear the knitting needles at Edgartown. It is not so now, and many an ancient and discreet personage is found to lament that the fingers of the fair are bewitched to thrum the keys of that modern notion and arrant time-killer, — the Piano. If they could only talk Latin, how feelingly they would exclaim, O tempora — O mores. Yours.

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## LETTER IV

MARTHA'S VINEYARD, 18—.

THE Vineyard is set off into three townships, Chilmark, Tisbury, and Edgartown. Gayhead, which contains the best land on the Island, is comprised within the limits of Chilmark. It is, as I have before observed, in possession of the Indians. Some of it is cultivated by them, but the larger part is used for pasturage. As you ride over its uneven surface, now to the summit of a rugged knoll, now down the precipitous sides of a deep hollow, again along the margin of an extended, irregular pond, it gives an aspect of life to the bald and desolate scenery to catch a view here and there of the herds of

grazing cattle. One half the inhabitants of the Island are dispersed over the townships of Chilmark and Tisbury. Much of these townships is covered with shrub-oak. That portion which is cleared is good for pasturage or tillage. The northern and western parts swell into hills, on whose summits rise granite rocks of peculiar shape and appearance. At a distance it is easy to mistake them for houses and barns. Some are hollowed at the top, and, if in the neighborhood of houses, are turned to good account by being converted into watering troughs. The goat race, like the Indian, is fast disappearing before the tide of civilization. Among the few that are left, when threading my way through the forests of bitter oak towards Gayhead, I saw one whose like I am sure I never shall see again. To describe him would be impossible. A patriarch of many generations,—with a hair-coat of the glossiest black and purest white ! The sight of it was enough to keep off the chill of the most searching north-easter. And then what an imposing creature ! As big every whit as a Shetland poney. What noble proportions ! What a bold and martial front, with threatening and sturdy turrets above, and a huge sweeping length of matted gray beard below, such as would cheer the heart of the ‘straitest sect’ of Jew or Turk ! Such a veteran would have been the pride of a menagerie. Alone he would have drawn more visitors than the big ox, or the mock sea-serpent. You could not but pay him reverence. Mammoth as he

was, he had grown up from infancy on leaves and twigs and buds.

Onward a few miles — a little more than an hour's ride from Gayhead, where you must alight from your chaise and mount your horse — while preparations are making, strike across the fields to the South Coast, overleaping a few walls and fences. It is but half a mile, and you will never regret it. You will soon reach the bold head-land. But be cautious that you approach not too near. Step lightly, for the smooth grass platform on which you tread is precarious footing. The bank is worn away many feet underneath and the turf projects far over without support. If it should give way, as it has by the weight of cattle grazing along its edge and by the force of gravity alone, you would be precipitated more than a hundred and thirty feet, with nothing to interrupt your descent until you reached the roaring surf, or struck upon the sea-worn rocks below. — At any period of tide a fatal fall. — But take your station a little from the edge, with one hand hold of the rails of a fence, which seems erected here for your especial convenience and security ; then bend over and take a view of the spectacle. The sea — it is far, far beneath you. You are beyond the reach of the wildest, maddest leap of its fury. As it chafes upon the rocky shore, its solemn music reaches your ear softened by distance. Now raise your head — look off upon the measureless expanse. Not a handful of earth till you reach Cuba or the

Bahamas. What a flood of waters! How profound and infinite! How awful, yet how peaceful! 'What heavenly dignity!' Mysterious sea! in thy slumbers how serene — in thy wrath how terrific! Below, among the rocks and sands, thou dost 'play upon thy lowest stops.' Thou sendest upward thy mellowest — richest tones.

One may readily determine the great difference between the night air along the shore and inland by taking a ride of a few miles from Edgartown — say as far as Tisbury. In Tisbury and Chilmark, as soon as the sun has set, the dank vapours rise and the chill dews fall. Early in Autumn a coat is needed, and thin ice makes in the pools and ponds. While in Edgartown the evenings are mild, clear, and summer-like. However in all parts of the Island the 'fig-tree and the vine do yield their strength.'

The shark is rarely seen; but the whale occasionally gambols a few miles from the South beach. The sword-fish you may take when you will. The squid is a soft bladder-fish found in the sand, egg-shaped and of variegated colors; very attractive to the eye, but poisonous to the touch. With the Islanders the brilliant blue-fish and the large fat eels of the ponds and harbors (fifteen barrels of which are sometimes taken in a night) are luxuries, as well as that unique and really luscious dish — the corn-pudding.

The bellows fish must not be omitted, which pumps water into a membraneous apartment on its

under side, and swells itself to such a degree that its diameter is equal to twice its length. Singular contrivance this ! yet it serves a most important purpose. The fish thus escapes all enemies that would swallow it up.

Its security in its own element is its ruin on land. The little Islanders — mischievous urchins — catch it and scratch its stomach to make it swell. When it has reached its full dimensions, they give it a blow with a stick or stone, and it bursts with a noise as loud as a pistol.

It the vicinity of Edgartown is a pond which is said to rise in dry weather and fall in wet. Do you doubt it, reader ? Many of three-score years and ten declare it upon their honor, and would testify to it upon oath. You may be incredulous if you will, but such is the testimony.

This is not the only strange and phenominal thing about the Island. Credible men say that the hystericks prevail more or less in those families living along the Southern shore. The air is saturated with the salt-vapour and strains up the system beyond its capacity of endurance. Indeed the haughty sea loves his solitary grandeur, and with hoarse tones thunders in the ear of obtrusive humanity — ‘ hitherto shalt thou come but no further, and here thy proud feet be stayed.’

Strange as it may seem, the flood tide sets up between the Elizabeth Islands and Gayhead, and flows eastward through the Sound on towards Massachu-

setts Bay, and the ebb tide accordingly in a contrary direction. At Point Judith the reverse is true.

Oil is money. Hence on the Island the circulating medium is plentiful. For invalids the Island offers advantages that few other places possess, at least in one particular. You are not shut up within doors at any season of the year in consequence of muddy streets. The slippery clay-hills up and down the Kennebec and Penobscot render it impossible to step out after an April shower without carrying along with you a considerable portion of the street. Here it is the best walking in bad weather. Heavy rains have an effect upon the soil similar to the 'hammer of the surf' upon the sea-beach.

The old stock of the Islanders may be said to have a language and pronunciation of their own. The former is quaint, hearty, and much set off with sea-phrases and wild imagery. The latter is singularly provincial, full of force and meaning, and highly amusing. These remarks must be confined to the old settlers, some of whom have never set foot upon the main-land. If one of them who had seen nothing but salt-water and a patch of earth were suddenly transported to the crowded streets of Boston or New-York, what would he think? That he was in his own sphere? Notwithstanding such cases as these, there are men on the Vineyard who have enjoyed good advantages of education, and have much experience and knowledge of the world. And it is not strange, for they have visited its remotest cor-

ners. The representation from this place in the House and Senate is more than respectable, and will compare with that from almost any part of the State. — Remarks upon the condition of the Indians and the state of Religion in a future number.

Yours.

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## LETTER V.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD, 18—.

It was my intention, Mr. Editor, to have taken some pains to prepare for your present paper a notice of the past and present condition of the Indians of Martha's Vineyard. Upon looking into the ' Historical Collections ' to obtain some facts illustrative of their condition in the early settlement of our country, a narrative written some thirty years since so much pleased me by its interesting matter and agreeable style that to attempt to condense and improve it seemed to me unnecessary and presumptuous. I gladly avail myself of its contents without alteration for other important reasons with which I doubt not you will equally coincide. Though written in 1807, it in the main describes correctly the condition of the Aborigines at the present time. It is moreover understood to be, and without question is, the production of the late deceased and venerable Dr. Freeman of King's Chapel. Since the account was written Mr. Frederic Baylies has been minister



and teacher among the Indians, until within a few months. He was a true-hearted man and highly useful in the sphere allotted to him. He labored diligently among them for some twenty-five years. The first time I visited the Island he was hale and vigorous, devoted to his work and much interested in the furtherance of liberal views of Christianity. The last time I was there the sad intelligence was brought of his sudden death while on a journey into the Western part of the State of New-York. His salary was about 550 dollars, a portion of which he expended for the support of Teachers among the Indians on the Vineyard, Nantucket, and Cape Cod. Under his instruction and preaching the Indians have a good deal improved. They are more characterized by honest, chaste, sober, and industrious habits than when Dr. Freeman visited them. In number it is difficult to say whether there has been any decided increase or diminution for thirty years past, though Mr. B. whose judgment it would seem must be correct, was of opinion they had decreased, The number in 1807 was 240. The present number is not far different. Says Dr. F.:

“The name of Martha’s Vineyard, according to Gookin, was Nope; but according to all others of the old writers, it was Capawock. Gookin, who appears to have taken pains to ascertain facts, and in whose Collection there is an air of simplicity and truth, is not to be charged with having invented this word Nope; but the probability is that the island had two names. At the time in which it was discovered by the English it was full of inhabitants; and as they continued to be numerous, when it was



first settled by the English, it may be concluded that it was not visited by the pestilence of 1617. Not less than three thousand Indians, it has been generally estimated, were on the Island when it was entered by Mayhew. As it seems capable of supporting scarcely a greater number of white inhabitants, who occupy much less space than savages, it may be asked, whence did so many of these children of nature derive their subsistence? From the account that has been given of Martha's Vineyard, it will be easy to answer this question. The truth is that its harbors, coves, lagunes, and ponds afford an inexhaustible supply of food. They could obtain the shell fish, which lie in such profusion on its shores, without the exercise of much invention; and they had discovered several ingenious methods of entrapping the eels and other fish, which swim in its waters. The Island itself was not destitute of game; and innumerable birds haunted its woods and coasts, which would sometimes be pierced by the arrows of the Indians; not to mention that the sandy soil was peculiarly favorable to the cultivation of squashes, beans, and maize. It was a knowledge of these things, which induced so many of the savages to press to these islands, and the parts of the coast which resemble them: they appear barren to those who think that no country is fruitful, where the fields are not green; but to an Indian they were the most fertile parts of America. That Martha's Vineyard then was capable of sustaining a multitude of inhabitants, is evident; and that this was the fact may with some degree of probability be inferred from the great number of proper names in common use. There was not a hill, a cove, a point of land, or a pond, however small, which had not its own appellation. Many of these names are familiar to the white inhabitants; and many more which have become obsolete, are still to be found in deeds of land and ancient books. Words follow the steps of men; and where a country by distinct names is subdivided into many minute parts, there is always reason to suppose that it has a numerous population.

“ But though there is no room for doubting the testimony of the writers who assert, that when these islands were first settled by the English, they were well filled with inhabitants, yet it

appears, that the people began to waste away, soon after the whites appeared among them. In 1643, and at several other times they were visited by a general disease. This was probably the yellow fever, which was, with the consumption, the disorder of which they commonly died. In 1674, they were reduced to three hundred families, or about fifteen hundred souls.

“ Like the other savages of New England, they were in a low state of civilization ; and they had attained few of the arts, which contribute to the comfort of human life. The houses were small, mean, and generally filled with smoke ; and their weapons of war were feeble and pointless, as is evident from the stone heads of their arrows which are still frequently picked up. They were however a hospitable and tractable people. When, therefore, the younger Mr. Mayhew attempted to introduce the gospel among them, they received him with kindness, and with readiness listened to his exhortations. The wonderful progress which the Christian religion, through the zeal of this eminent evangelist and his worthy successors, made in Martha’s Vineyard, surprized and delighted the pious of that age ; and they failed not to notice with minute attention its various circumstances. The younger Mr. Mayhew labored in this benevolent work, with diligence and fervor till his death. It was then assumed by his father, and after him by his son ; and it has been carried on in the same family to the present day. In less than thirty years almost every Indian on the Island had become a professed Christian. At first they were only catechumens ; but they were formed into a church in 1659, from which another church arose in the year 1670.

“ The Indians were converted to the Christian faith ; and attempts were made to reduce them to a state of civilization. But they who have been conversant with the Indians will often repeat how unprofitable the labor hath been either to civilize or convert them. Much money hath been expended to little or no purpose ; and every method to educate them has failed. They who met with most success, such as Mr. Eliot and Mr. Mayhew, had they lived longer, would have wondered to see how soon their disciples returned to their former ignorance and

stupidity, how little difference was made in the face of the wilderness. If it blossomed for a while and yielded some little fruit, the season was short and what was not covered with weeds, proved a cold and barren soil. The Mayhews, however pious and benevolent, did not much benefit the Indians, but the English gained the most essential advantages from the ascendancy which was gained over their minds; they were disarmed of their rage; they were made friends and fellow subjects. At length they ceased to be formidable from another cause: their numbers dwindled away, their courage abated, and they sunk into a mean and depressed people. The progress of their decline to the year 1764, is exhibited in the following table:—

“Number of Indians in Duke’s County at five different periods: in 1642, 3000; 1674, 1500; 1698, 1000; 1720, 800; 1764, 313.

“The present state of these Indians has not much to excite attention or interest curiosity. Beginning east the first collection is found at Chappaquiddick. On this Island they have a tract of land reserved to them, containing about eight hundred acres. They are much intermixed with white and negro blood, very few of them being pure Indians; and they have been improved in their habits and industry by the intermixture. Several of them live in framed houses, are good farmers, and are tolerably neat in their persons and habitations. The old men only are farmers, and are assisted by the women, who sow and hoe the corn: the young men are seamen. Their lands are not enclosed; but their cattle are kept with a tedder. Their numbers which are probably increasing, are sixty-five, of whom nine are strangers, intermarried with them. The framed houses are ten; the wigwams two.

“Near Sangekantacket, adjoining the Lagune, at a place called Farm Neck, there was formerly a large town of Indians; and twenty persons of a mixed race still remain, who live in six houses, are divided into six families, and retain near two hundred acres of land.

“At West Chop in Tisbury, there is one Indian family, consisting of five persons.

“In the north-west part of Tisbury there is a tract of land, called Christiantown, assigned to the Indians, who are placed under guardians. They consist of nine families and thirty-two souls, of whom one male and six females are pure ; the rest are mixed, chiefly with whites.

“The great body of the Indians is at Gayhead. They have here a tract of excellent land, containing three thousand acres, reserved to them. It is destitute of trees ; but there are many swamps, some of which afford peat, and others, springs of good water. The land is broken into hills ; and there are no roads. The Indians have twenty-six framed houses and seven wigwams. The framed houses are nothing better than mean huts ; some of them have two apartments ; but the greatest part of them, not more than one. There are three barns, and two meeting-houses, which are small buildings not more than twenty feet square. The number of families is thirty four ; and of souls one hundred and forty two : beside whom about a hundred Indians are absent from Gayhead ; some of whom are children put out to service in English families ; and others whale-men ; making the whole number of proprietors, about two hundred and forty. Every native, whether he live off or on the island, is considered as a proprietor ; and every child born to him is entitled to a right, which is equivalent to the pasture of three sheep. No sheep are kept.       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

The mixed race is better than the pure Indians. Almost all of them have cows ; and a few of them, oxen ; they own as many as twenty horses. A part of their land is every year let to the whites ; and the income is appropriated to the support of their poor. The Indians raise very little corn, but have pretty good gardens. They annually sell a hundred or two hundred bushels of cranberries, which grow in great plenty in their cranberry bogs. The rest of their subsistence is derived from fishing ; and from the sale of clay, which they dispose of on the spot for three dollars, and when they carry it to market, for five dollars a ton. Small as their numbers are, they have two preachers ; one of whom is a Baptist ; the other a Congregationalist ; the first of the mixed race, the second an

Indian. Beside the houses at Gayhead, there is one Indian house and three wigwams at Chilmark ; all the inhabitants of which, except a woman living in one of the wigwams, have rights at Gayhead, and are included in their number. The Indians in this part of the island, are generally unchaste, intemperate, without forethought, and many of them dishonest. They are however more industrious, and neater in their persons and houses than is common for Indians.” Yours.

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## LETTER VI.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD, 18—.

THE Indian huts are dispersed over a large extent at Gayhead. On my way to the cliffs I passed a small building used for a school-house and church. It is situated upon the summit of a knoll from which there is a fine prospect. Of the Indians it is said there are not more than five or six full-blooded. While giving an account of the Indians, the labors and character of the Mayhews, who were the first apostles of Christ among them, ought not to be passed over slightly. On this point I am happy to recur again to Dr. Freeman :

“Mr. Mayhew having established himself peaceably on the Island, undertook with the assistance of his son, to civilize and christianize the native inhabitants. Of the attempts which were made to convert the Indians to the faith of the gospel we shall not speak, except so far as may be necessary to show with what prudence and moderation Mr. Mayhew conducted himself in his intercourse with the natives. The sachems of these islands were absolute in their government ; but they were subject

in certain respects to the sagamore of the Wamponoags, to whom they were obliged to do homage and make annual presents. This subjection was irksome to their minds ; and they were ready to repel any new attempt to impose an additional yoke upon them ; or to withdraw their subjects from the obedience which was due to their princes. When, therefore, they perceived the English missionaries among their people, they became jealous that in their animated harangues, they were aiming to attach them to their own persons, and that under the pretence of religion they were invading the authority of the sachems.

“ Mr. Mayhew observing this jealousy and the causes of it, took an opportunity of addressing the sachems in the following terms : That by an order from the king of England he was to govern the English who inhabited these islands ; that his royal master was in power superior to any of the Indian sagamores ; but that he was just, as well as powerful ; that therefore he would not in any manner invade their jurisdiction ; but on the contrary, assist them, if necessary ; that religion and government were distinct concerns ; and that the sachems might retain their authority, though their subjects were christians. By such prudent speeches he soon brought them to entertain a good opinion of the christian religion.

“ When afterwards the number of christian Indians increased, he prevailed upon them to admit the counsels of judicious christians in their controversies, and in cases of more than ordinary consequence to introduce a jury for trial ; promising his own assistance to the sachems, whose assent was always to be obtained, though they were not christians. Thus in a few years he established a happy administration of justice among them, to their great satisfaction ; and records were kept of all their proceedings in their several courts, by those who had learned to write, and who were appointed to the office.

“ By his prudent conduct and arguments, he convinced the sachems themselves of the distinguishing excellence of the English government ; and in his administration he gave them so fair an example of its happiness, as not only filled them with a



strong desire of adopting the same form themselves, but even induced them voluntarily to make a public acknowledgment of their subjection to the crown of England ; though at the same time they were careful to have it understood, that they retained their authority as subordinate princes.

“ In his administration he was always ready to hear and redress their grievances, on the first complaint, without the least delay ; by which means he wisely prevented any unfavorable impression being made on their minds through a neglect of justice. Whenever he decided any causes between them, he not only gave them equal justice with the English, but he also took pains to convince them that what he determined was right. He would not suffer any one to injure them either in their goods ; lands, or persons. They always found in him a protector and a father : by the dignity of his manners, he excited their reverence ; and by his condescension and benevolence he secured their affection. In consequence of this discreet and virtuous conduct, no difference took place between the English and natives on these islands as long as he lived among them, which was near forty years. The Indians admired and loved him as a superior being, who always did what was right, and who had no other object than to make them happy.

“ In the year 1675, the war, which like a black cloud had hovered during four years over New England, burst with fury on the country. Almost all the Indian nations on the Main were united against the English. Alarm and terror were diffused on every side ; and the white inhabitants suffered their minds to become unreasonably exasperated against all the Indians without distinction, and even against their christian friends. Of this jealous spirit were several persons at Martha’s Vineyard, who with difficulty could be restrained by Mr. Mayhew and others associated in the magistracy with him, from attempting to disarm the Indians by whom they were surrounded, and whose number greatly exceeded that of the English.

“ For the satisfaction of these jealous persons, Capt. Richard Sarsan was sent with a small party to the west end of the island, where the least dependence was to be placed on the Indians

because they were nearest the continent, and were the last who had embraced christianity. He made known to them the suspicions of some of the white inhabitants, and returned with this wise and amicable answer: That the surrender of their arms would expose them to the power of the Indians engaged in the present war, who were not less enemies to them than to the English; that they had never given occasion for the jealousy which now seemed to be entertained of them; that if by any means without hazarding their safety, they could afford further proof of their friendship and fidelity, they would readily do it; but that they were unwilling to deliver up their arms, unless the English would propose another method which would be more likely to ensure their preservation. With this answer they sent a writing, which was drawn up in their own language and in which they declared: That as they had submitted freely to the crown of England, so they were resolved to assist the English on these islands against their enemies, whom they accounted as much enemies to themselves, as to any other of the subjects of the king. This paper was subscribed by persons of the greatest note and power among them.

“The Governor, Mr. Mayhew, was so well satisfied with the answer which was sent, that he employed the Indians as a guard, furnishing them with the necessary ammunition, and giving them instructions how to conduct themselves for the common safety in this time of imminent danger. So faithful were they, that they not only rejected the strong and repeated solicitations of the natives on the Main, but when any landed from it, in obedience to the orders which had been given them, they carried them, though some of them were their near relations, before the Governor to attend his pleasure. The English, convinced by these proofs of the firmness of their friendship, took no care of their own defence, but left it entirely to the Indians; and the storm of war which raged on the continent was not suffered to approach, but these islands enjoyed the calm of peace. This was the genuine and happy effect of Mr. Mayhew’s wisdom, and of the introduction of the christian religion among the Indians.

“By the charter of William and Mary, which arrived in



1692, these islands were taken from New-York, and annexed to Massachusetts. During the season of anarchy and confusion which preceded this event, the Indians behaved in a peaceable manner; and on one occasion in particular forbore to resent the injuries which were inflicted on them by some of the English who were unrestrained by law and government.”

In Edgartown there are two excellent private schools, and upon the Island there are twelve or thirteen places of worship. Four of these are in Edgartown, several in Holmes' Hole, and the remainder scattered here and there for the convenience of the scattered population. Of course there are not Clergymen connected with all of them, though there are several in each of the villages. There are three in Edgartown, a Baptist, Methodist, and Orthodox Congregationalist. The Baptist is a missionary and preaches but occasionally in E. Their salaries vary from 3 to 500 dollars at most. Five hundred dollars however on the Island are as good as seven on the main. The Islanders are kind to their Clergymen and relieve them of some expenses they would be subject to elsewhere. Their generosity manifests itself in one item especially — that of riding — which can hardly be considered an expense here, for it is seldom, if ever, they can be induced to take compensation. It was my good fortune to become acquainted with the clergymen of the several denominations, and it is no more than justice to say — though, doubtless, as strongly attached to their peculiar views as those who bear the same name in other parts of the country; they were courte-

ous and friendly. There was an air of openness and kindness about them that seemed to me rather uncommon, and put me almost immediately at my ease with them. In intelligence, manners and conversation, as also in their preaching, for I seized upon several opportunities of hearing them, they differ little from preachers in other parts of this State. The time and occasion of my first acquaintance with them were the Fourth of July and a public dinner in celebration thereof, to which (thanks to the Island patriots) we were severally invited. This memorable occasion must receive a passing notice hereafter. Yours.

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## LETTER VII.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD, 18—.

MR. EDITOR :— Having been absent some little time, my communications have been necessarily interrupted. With your favor I hope to send one or two more ere they are brought to a close.

The oldest church in Edgartown is that consecrated by the long and faithful ministry of Mr. Thaxter. He was of the liberal school in Theology, was pastor of the Society about forty-seven years, and lived to be silvered over with age, not being gathered to his fathers until he had reached the patriarchal period of more than four score years. He devoted himself to the good of his country as well as the cause of his Master — *serving as Chaplain in Prescott's*

*Regiment during our revolutionary struggle.* Many of your readers may recollect the ancient and venerable man as he appeared at the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker-Hill Monument, when he stood up in the presence of an assembled host and offered a simple, fervent, and patriotic prayer. But to return to the Church. It was built in 1768. The style of architecture — to frame a new order — is Quaker. It is situated a little out of the village and is the first object, when approaching it, that attracts attention. It is of large dimensions and without a steeple. No part is painted but the roof, which is of brick color. Of course with its broad paintless sides, relieved only by its reddish roof, it has a somewhat grave and sombre aspect. This specimen of antiquity rears its venerable form in the centre of an oblong enclosure of considerable extent, all of which with the exception of a path from the gate to the Church-door is occupied with graves, headstones, and monuments of various forms, dimensions and appearance. Many are of the purest and most brilliantly white marble, whose letters are engraved so distinctly and perfectly that, it would seem, they must defy the effacing finger of time. These impart to this dwelling-place of the dead a cheerful rather than a gloomy aspect. The venerable Pastor of the Town reposes in the rear of the Church just beneath the window of that pulpit in which he served his Maker for such a succession of years. A weeping-willow waves gracefully over a

marble monument erected to his memory by his children. At one extremity of the enclosure is a straw-colored hearse-house — neat and appropriate — recently built by a benevolent widow, daughter of the departed worthy Pastor. This spot is the object of sacred affections — of many sad as well as sweet remembrances to her soul. Not a broken pane of glass, nor a loose stone in the foundation of the old Church escapes her eye. It is never suffered to go to decay, and its hallowed precincts though seldom trod, (for there has been no regular preaching for the past nine years) are swept by her own hands some three times every twelvemonth and preserved sweet and clean. The strength and sanctity of the associations which many an aged man and aged woman cherish towards this consecrated place, to which from early years on the Sabbath day they have gone up to worship the Most High, it is not for a stranger fully to comprehend. Still no one, however insensible, can approach this ancient pile and this city of the dead built up around it, where in a long line of generations ‘the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,’ without the deepest feelings of solemnity and veneration.

The interior of the Church accords well with the exterior. All is simple and plain — in the taste of the Puritans. The front of the galleries and pulpit, with the sounding-board above, and the Deacons’ seats below, are painted light blue. There is nought else but what wears its natural color. A neat green

curtain and a cushion of the like material adorn the Pulpit. The first Sabbath I entered the Church it was highly decorated with fir, spruce, and other ever-greens, reminding one of the tabernacles of old in the wilderness. The following day was the Anniversary of our national independence ; and in this place, on this sea-girt Island, it was to be celebrated. I was invited to participate not only in the dinner but in the other services, and to make my appearance on Monday morning at the Inn, there to meet the chief ones of the village and to join the procession. One or two revolutionary patriots — revered wrecks of tempestuous times — were there. The affecting narrative which one of them gave of his sufferings and those of his comrades from hunger, thirst, chronic pains and rheumatisms, brought on by lying night after night on the cold ground without covering, caused many a tear to trickle down his weather-hardened and wrinkled cheek, and deeply moved the hearts of all present. He assured us we had no conception of the greatness of our blessings, and urged us with thrilling eloquence to be true to our country. The procession was shortly formed. The delegation from the place, the two school-masters, and the four members of the clergy walked in its honored places, while two individuals bearing staffs on which floated our national banner led the way. We threaded several sandy streets beneath a sweltering sun — a solemn, pre-eminently noiseless train — without ‘ stirring fife or pealing drum.’ Still

there was a music within, and our souls were pledged to do our best to celebrate our country's glory, yes, literally pledged — full six of us — the Senator of Duke's County to pronounce the oration — the School-masters, one to repeat the Declaration of Independence, the other to enliven us with the effervescence of his poetical fancy — the oldest of the Clergy, who was a Baptist Missionary, to address the throne of the Almighty — the Trinitarian and Unitarian Ministers to perform an equal part, each to peruse in the best manner an original Hymn, and though last, not least, our Methodist brother to put the finale to the chapter of services and ceremonies by the solemn benediction.

This sub-division of labor was as it should be but it had a little touch of the amusing about it. We entered the church and took our seats amid the beauty, pride and patriotism of this simple, true-hearted people. All passed off cheeringly. The Oration was worthy of its author, and the Poem would have done credit to a practised and well-known hand at the art. This part of our duty done, we repaired to the Inn to partake of a generous dinner. Not a few merry toasts were cracked and, though wine passed round, many abstained, and all rose from the table self possessed and undeceived thereby. A happier Independent day, not even in my boyhood, has it been my lot to enjoy. Of itself it was worth a trip to the Island. Perhaps a few extracts from the Poem may be interesting to your readers : —



“FOREVER consecrated be the day,  
 When freemen rose, and with heroic sway,  
 Plucked the rich laurel from Britannia’s brow,  
 And quelled that foe who thought to rule us now ;  
 When freeborn sons, who were inured to toil,  
 Charmed with the beauties of Columbia’s soil,  
 Rose in full might, in martial pomp arrayed,  
 Feared not their foes, but grasped the gleaming blade.  
 Though Britain’s lion gave a hideous roar,  
 Columbia’s Eagle drove him from the shore.

\* \* \* \* \*

HE led our Joshua through the tented field,  
 And spread in front his everlasting shield.  
 Methinks I hear our patriot fathers cry,  
 “ We will be free, or in the field we’ll die.”  
 Bold chivalry then flowed from heart to heart,  
 And fired their souls with more than magic art ;  
 When Britain’s king gave forth the stern command —  
 “ Go conquer and subdue that rebel land ;”  
 Columbia’s sons then rose with fearless might,  
 They grasped the sword, they hastened to the fight,  
 Their work they left, they ceased to trace the plough  
 Rushed to the field where richer laurels grow.  
 There honored fame shall meet her just applause,  
 There patriot sons repel pernicious laws ;  
 There freeborn men demand an equal right,  
 And dare their foes upon the field of fight.

\* \* \* \* \*

Columbia, pause ! wæp o’er th’ illustrious dead !  
 Who fought for freedom, and to conquest led ;  
 Who dared the tempest, who the storm defied,  
 But who now rests by Vernon’s rolling tide.  
 Here no proud abbey boasts the exclusive praise,  
 Nor claims the relics of my feeble lays ;  
 Nor shall the poppy fix its drowsy root,  
 Nor wormwood thrive, nor bearded thistle shoot  
 Around the grave where myriads oft repair,

To view the spot where lay their country's sire.  
 To sing his worth the muse has tuned her lyre,  
 To speak his praise the poets of aspire ;  
 Faint the description, feeble the design,  
 Should Pindar sing, or Homer trace the line.  
 The painter's canvass often has been spread,  
 To draw descriptions of th' illustrious dead,  
 But far they'd deviate from th' intended line,  
 Should Raphael's genius sketch the bold design :  
 Or should Titian his bright colors shed,  
 Or Guido's graces lavish on his head,  
 His deeds of valor memory still retains,  
 Reveres the man who burst a tyrant's chains.  
 Let other nations of their Cæsars boast,  
 Of Charles, of Xerxes with his martial host,  
 Can Macedonia ask the muses' lyre,  
 While slaughtered millions round her chief expire ?  
 Can Rome and Carthage call her heroes good,  
 While earth is crimsoned with their soldiers' blood ?  
 Can France exalt the deeds of Bonaparte,  
 And sing his splendor and his warlike art ?  
 When, see ! ah see ! her hero rode to fame  
 O'er seas of blood and mangled heaps of slain.  
 But fates unseen reined up the mystic car —  
 Smote Europe's zone and burst Napoleon's star.  
 And where is he who came from Gallia's shore,  
 Saw our oppression, heard our cannon roar ;  
 Who wreathed a chaplet of immortal fame,  
 And richly won a philanthropic name ?  
 He, too, has gone to join his brave compeers,  
 Graced with high honors, crowned with many years.  
 And where are GREEN, MONTGOMERY, LEE and GATES  
 Who bowed the lion to resistless fates ?  
 They, too, are gone : and but a few remain,  
 Who helped our fathers burst Britannia's chain.  
 And soon the muffled drum or tolling bell,  
 Will bid the last a long, a long farewell !



Ye aged sires ! who grace this festive scene,  
 Who bow to age, and o'er your staves recline,  
 Review that day, when proud oppression's wand  
 Extended wide o'er freedom's happy land ;  
 Can you forget the piteous piles of slain  
 On Bunker's height, or Lexington's broad plain ?  
 Tell to the youth the stories of our wars,  
 And plead the merits of our patriots' scars.  
 Ye patriot band ? who fought in days of yore,  
 And drove the oppressor from our verdant shore,  
 Long life and health, the sons of freedom cry,  
 Long life and health, the winds of heaven reply.  
 When summoned by th' archangel's thrilling call,  
 On young Elishas may your mantles fall ;  
 May patriot zeal your youthful sons inspire,  
 And each prove worthy of his honored sire.

\* \* \* \* \*

Rise, Bethlehem's star ! beam forth with charms divine,  
 O'er pagan lands let thy refulgence shine ;  
 Let pure devotion touch the Hindoo's heart,  
 And from his idols may he soon depart ;  
 From heathen lands may songs of triumph rise,  
 To Him who built Earth, Oceans, Air and Skies.  
 May distant islands catch the heavenly flame,  
 And tawny Indians own Jehovah's name.  
 On wings of faith ye heralds of the cross,  
 Go and refine the gold from nature's dross ;  
 Instruct the heathen from the sacred Word,  
 "Lead them from nature up to nature's God."

\* \* \* \* \*

While on this day our cheerful hearts unite,  
 While songs of joy inspire us with delight ;  
 While liberal laws adorn our happy land,  
 And pure devotion makes our hearts expand,  
 Let us review the purchase of our fame,  
 Our Patriots' honor and our Tories' shame.  
 Say was our freedom with a trifle bought ?

That Patriots bled. say does it matter not?  
 View Bunker's heights, and Charlestown's flaming spires  
 View Monmouth's plains, where fell our honored sires;

\* \* \* \*

Then since our land was bought with streams of blood,  
 Firm let us stand though tyrants round us brood;  
 Though round us kings their hellish gambols play,  
 As venom'd vipers hiss around their prey,  
 Let us support the standard of our fame,  
 Nor sink, like Rome, mid whirlpools of her shame.  
 Ask, where is Rome, and where her warlike band,  
 Whose armies spread and conquered every land,  
 Whose eagle rose and eyed the solar fire,  
 With talons strong, with wings that never tire,  
 Whose classic charms inspire us with delight,  
 Il'ume the regions of barbaric night.

Ask you the cause why Rome's republic fell?

The cause I'd ask, why Satan did rebel?

Factions burst forth and demagogues arose,  
 Crashed the fair tree, o'erwhelmed the land in woes.  
 Thus Rome's republic, which for ages stood,  
 Fell mid the flames, and sunk in seas of blood.  
 Ask, where is Carthage, Afric's pride and boast?  
 When factions rose, her fame and all were lost;  
 Oceans of blood were spilt along her shore,  
 And Afric's glory set to rise no more.

And Greece, that land where science shed her rays,  
 Where heroes fought, where poets tuned their lays,  
 Was veiled in gloom, and sunk before the blast,  
 Her fame, her glory, and her grandeur past.  
 But may that morning soon salute the skies,  
 When Grecian glory shall again arise,  
 When Grecian bards shall sing fair freedom's songs,  
 And independence thunder from their tongues.

\* \* \* \*

Colombians, rise — mark well the fatal coast,  
 Where sunk republics and their glory lost;

And shun those rocks which proved their final doom,  
 And sunk their fame beneath Egyptian gloom.  
 Let the last legacy of Washington,  
 Still be your chart and show the course to run ;  
 And may our helmsman with a steady hand,  
 Guide safe our bark o'er shoals of rock and sand,  
 Should civil wars or base contentions rise,  
 Should haughty tyrants freedom's charms despise,  
 Ye youthful band, rush, rush into the field,  
 With sword in hand, and make those despots yield.  
 Quell your invaders — put your foes to flight —  
 March to the field and breast the deadly fight.  
 Were Homer's verse familiar to my tongue,  
 Or had I strains like those which Pindar sung,  
 And could my voice like Sinai's thunder roar,  
 Fair Freedom's charms should sound from shore to shore,  
 Till thrones of despots totter to the ground,  
 And mighty empires tremble at the sound.

And may that God, whose hand the lightnings form,  
 Who hurls the tempest, who directs the storm ;  
 Who bade the world from nature's embryo rise,  
 Whose wisdom built, whose fiat starred the skies ;  
 At whose command the nations rise and fall,  
 Whose will directs, whose power governs all ;  
 May He extend the sceptre of his love,  
 Our strong defence, our mighty bulwark prove.  
 Almighty God ! protect this favored land,  
 Guide, guard, and shield it by thy sovereign hand ;  
 While sun's arise, or briny oceans roar,  
 Or bounding billows lash the rock-bound shore :  
 Let this Republic ever stand secure,  
 Till nations cease and time shall be no more."

Certain four-footed, short-legged, taper-nosed,  
 squirrel-tailed, black and white, unsavory creatures,  
 the name of which it would be useless to mention  
 after so minute description, have been frequent

*attachees* of the barn-yards and houses of the Islanders. They fared so well, became so populous and formidable, committed such extensive devastations, and withal got at length into such bad *odour* with the good-hearted, pure-minded people of Edgartown, that a bounty of 25 cents was offered for every one that should be despatched to that 'bourne whence no traveller returns.' They disappeared rapidly and became so rare and seldom troublesome that some were half ready to lament their loss, and almost wished their old and misused friends back again :

πόθος καί κακῶν ἄρ' ἦν τις,

καὶ γὰρ ὁ μηδαμὰ δὴ φίλον ἦν φίλον.

[*Ædipus Tyrannus.*]

Such persons were conscious of a change, a want. They felt that all was not right, and began to contemplate their violent extermination with emotions of melancholy regret, similar to those cherished towards the unhappy Indian tribes. These animals differ considerably in their tastes, some conceiving an attachment to private, others to public buildings, some to house-cellars, others to barns, sheds, &c. There is one however whose taste is somewhat different from that of his tribe. His predominant sentiment, or biggest bump is *veneration*. He has been for years a strong adherent to the church. He has no occasion to repair to its sacred enclosure one day in seven, for he is seldom anywhere else. The undisturbed sanctity of the place seems to have for

him peculiar attractions. Now and then he has made excursions into the neighborhood to disturb the pure and fragrant enjoyment of some pleasant hamlet. Generally he has made choice of the premises of a certain Captain — around which he has diffused the atmosphere of his peculiar genius with so much generosity, and produced thereby such a pungent, irritating action upon the martial temper as well as olfactories of the commander, as to rouse him to a well-appointed and vigorous attack upon the intruder. Success has generally attended the bold and perilous enterprize of the Captain against this annoying and odious tenant. The Church has been his most quiet abode—his city of refuge. The pulpit, as it were, his citadel ; for beneath it has been his place of rest. Here he has revelled in sweets all his own, and yet not all his own, for many unfortunates have been compelled to participate. He is a most unwelcome guest. It is not that he is ever seen ; it is not that he is ever heard ; but he is most sensibly perceived — as the horse snuffeth the battle from afar — how sensibly, let those bear witness who have had experience. He is an old covenanter. He was a pretty regular attendant upon the ministry of the departed. The honest Town's people, born and bred in the purest of atmospheres, have been wrought at times to a high pitch of excitement and justifiable indignation. Tongues have been busy and loud ; resolutions have been passed by large majorities ; downright and vig-

orous measures have been taken to expel the enemy. By the assistance of boys hired to creep through the loopholes of the granite underpinning, and with long sticks to explore the broad ground-plot of the sacred edifice, he has been forced to retreat with *loss*; whether a *gain* to the pursuers may be a matter of doubt. His hole was once discovered beneath the flight of stairs that leads to the galleries. He was furnished with leave of absence and his nest bountifully tarred. Had he been taken in *propria persona*, there is no doubt he would have been treated by the enraged or highly *incensed* Islanders as a genuine abolitionist, and not allowed to escape but with a full suit of tar and feathers. He is again in possession of his redoubt, but has taken a less pregnable position — beneath the pulpit and the deacons' seats. When I left the Vineyard, he remained triumphant over all opposition, more redolent and devoted to the Church than ever. What may be his fortune hereafter, or that of generations yet to come who may assemble in this place of worship, I am not prophet enough to foretell.

Yours,



## LETTER VIII.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD, 18—.

MR. JOSEPH THAXTER, to whom I alluded in my last letter, was born in Hingham in the year 1744. He was in youth a cooper by trade. It is reported of him that in consequence of good luck in the purchase of a lottery ticket he was induced to prepare himself for college. He entered Cambridge and was graduated in '68. Either before or after his Collegiate course he taught school in his native town and went by the title of Master Thaxter or Master Jo. Though he subsequently made some advance in the study of medicine, he did not give himself to its practice. Divinity became his favorite pursuit and profession. He commenced preaching in 1771—and remained faithful to the cause of his Master until removed by death in 1827, a period of fifty-six years. In '76, he entered the army as a chaplain. His commission to fill this station is an interesting document:—

## COMMISSION.

*The Council of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay to Joseph Thaxter, Gentleman,*

GREETING.

WE being informed of your exemplary life and manners, and reposing especial trust in your abilities and good conduct—do, by these presents, constitute and appoint you, the said Joseph Thaxter, to be Chaplain of the Regiment whereof John Robertson Esq. is Colonel, raised by this Colony to reinforce the American Army until the first day of April next. You are therefore carefully and diligently to inculcate on the minds of the soldiers of said Regiment, as well by example as precept,

the duties of religion and morality, and a fervent love to their country, and in all respects to discharge the duty of a Chaplain in said Regiment, observing from time to time such orders and instructions as you shall receive from your superior officers according to military rules and discipline established by the American Congress, in pursuance of the trust reposed in you, for which this shall be your sufficient warrant.

Given under our hands and the seal of the said Colony at Wattertown, the twenty-third day of Jan. 1776, in the sixteenth year of the reign of his Majesty King George the Third.

By Command of the Major part of the Council,

PEREZ MORTON, *R. Secretary.*

At the commencement of the revolution, on the 19th April, '75, before his appointment as Chaplain, he was at Concord bridge. During the war he was present as Chaplain at Cambridge and White Plains, on the North River, and in New-Jersey until March, '71. In '80, he became Pastor of the Church in Edgartown. His salary was originally £100. In the latter part of his life it was reduced to \$275. There has been some difference of opinion particularly on the Vineyard, as to the religious views of Mr. T. He was unquestionably liberal. To verify this assertion beyond a doubt a few passages will be subjoined, taken here and there from his discourses, of which he wrote some twenty-five hundred :

“Those who make Jesus Christ and the great eternal Jehovah the same being, take away my Saviour — I cannot find him in their books — but I bless God I can find Him in my Bible.”

“To think well of his nature is necessary to the dignity and happiness of man. There is a decent pride which is congenial to virtue. That consciousness of innate dignity which shows



him the glory of his nature will be his best protection from the meanness of vice. Where this consciousness is wanting, there can be no sense of moral honor, and consequently none of the higher principles of action. What can you expect from him who says it is his nature to be mean and selfish? and who can doubt that he who thinks thus, thinks from the experience of his own heart, from the tendency of his own inclinations. Let it always be remembered, that he who would persuade men to be good, ought to show them that they are great. We may venture to affirm that a bad heart and a truly philosophic head have never been united in the same individual. Vicious inclinations not only corrupt the heart, but if indulged, darken the understanding, and in this way lead to false reasoning. Virtue alone is on the side of truth. No man will take pains to practice virtue who has not a high sense of the dignity of his nature, and the worth of his precious and immortal soul. The more we contemplate the dignity of man as a rational and immortal being, the higher sense we shall have of the worth of our souls, and the greater and the more irresistible will be our motives to the practice of virtue and religion. We shall fear to degrade ourselves by base and vile actions. It is the practice of piety and virtue that dignifies and exalts human nature. It gives the mind an elevation above the vain and empty pleasures of this vain and transitory life. It raises it to contemplate scenes of future bliss in the heavenly world, where disrobed of mortality, the rough passions, and craving appetites that now war against our happiness, we shall be raised to the highest dignity, partake of angelic joys and drink of rivers of pleasure that flow at God's right hand forevermore."

"May I never be led to judge a brother or send him to hell for what I may think an error. He may be right and I wrong. Let the error be on which side it may, he that judgeth is guilty of a much greater error, by a wilful violation of the law of Christ."

Oct. 9th, 1772. "In the beginning God made man in his own Image, that is, in a small degree of similitude; for he was created a free, rational, moral agent, and was exempt from the pollution of sin and guilt. He had an immortal soul, furnished

with noble faculties and powers, but being left to act freely, he fell from his original rectitude, not by a fatal necessity, nor by a decree that he should fall. For if it was, then man could not, had it not in his power to stand, and if so, then, he could not be blame-worthy, or condemned therefor. If man fell by a fatal necessity he was nothing more than a machine or instrument, and these are not chargeable with the actions which are done with them. The agent that exercises the instrument is chargeable with the action ; for example, the knife with which a man is stabbed is not guilty of murder, but the man who made use of it is justly chargeable with the crime. So then if man fell through necessity he could not be guilty, but that power which laid him under the necessity, which could be no other than his Creator, which is making God the author of sin, which is contrary to his being and perfections. For God to be the author of sin, would be to destroy himself. I trust there are none present who would be so weak and profane as to charge God as being the author of the sins which are committed by them. No. Let God be just but every man a liar.”

Mr. T. was a very industrious man. He not only wrote his twenty-five hundred sermons—which one would think enough for a man to do in the course of a life however long—but beside the other avocations of a minister, as he told a friend, ‘he did one fifth of the work of his house from the bottom of the cellar to the top of the chimnies, made his own water-pails and even hollowed the staves with a bent razor.’

He was in the habit for many years, of walking from E. to Holmes’ Hole, a distance of eight miles, to preach a lecture on Sunday evening, and of crossing to the Island of Chappquiddick one evening of each week for a like purpose.

At one time he was the only clergyman and physician on the Island. Mr. T. read much, especially in the ancient tongues. His Greek Testament he perused every day. His counsel to young clergymen was — always consult your Greek Testament before you sit down to write a sermon. When it is considered that he was ever subject to paroxysms of sickhead-ache and was rendered useless by their frequency and severity for no less than a fourteenth part of his whole life — six entire years — it must be acknowledged that he accomplished wonders. Incredible as it may seem, he was absent from his pulpit but five Sabbaths on account of sickness through his whole ministry of forty-seven years. He must have led a very simple life, if his practice accorded with his preaching, for it was a maxim of his, that ‘brown bread and black (i. e. bohea) tea were good enough for ministers.’ Many pleasant anecdotes are related of Mr. T. some of which, as I have made a beginning, I will throw together in this connection as they have been communicated to me by those who best knew him.

Years ago Dr. B. was on the Island. He and Mr. T. met and were introduced at the house of a mutual friend. ‘This is Mr. Thaxter, educated at Cambridge and therefore, I conclude, a Unitarian,’ said the Dr. ‘I profess to be,’ was the reply. ‘Very sorry to hear it,’ rejoined the Dr. ‘Bad doctrine, Sir, bad doctrine; not Scriptural, Sir, not Scriptural.’ ‘This is Dr. Beecher from Connecticut,’

resumed Mr. T. 'and therefore, I conclude, a Trinitarian. 'I hope so,' replied the Dr. 'Very sorry to hear it,' rejoined Mr. T. 'Bad doctrine, Sir, bad doctrine; not Scriptural, Sir, not Scriptural.'

Dr. B. was very free with Mr. Thaxter and asked him a great many questions about doctrinal subjects. 'Now,' says Mr. T. 'I have answered you in the simplicity and integrity of my heart and given you exactly my views on many points. I hope you will be as ready to answer some questions that I will put to you.' 'I will endeavor to,' replied the Dr. 'Can you tell me then what is the meaning of these words, 'ye which have followed me in the *regeneration*, when the Son of man shall sit in the throne of his glory.' 'The Dr. paused and at length acknowledged — he could not tell. 'What,' said Mr. T. not understand the meaning when the word is used here for the first time in Scripture and is the foundation of all your preaching?' 'I never had any particular thoughts on this passage,' said the Dr. 'Never,' rejoined Mr. T. 'I am surprized.' Said the Dr. 'will you tell me what you think is the meaning?' 'No,' sir, was the reply, if you don't know, you had better go home and study your Testament.' In conversation with him at this time or afterwards, Mr. T. used nearly these words: 'There are a few of my flock left about me — families which I have visited in sickness and sorrow—children, whom I have presented in baptism at the altar and if you have come, said he, with strong emotion, to draw them away

and embitter the days of an old man, you ought to hang your head for shame.'

Some one on the Island dislocated his limb. Mr. T. who always had the reputation of being the best bone-setter on the Island, put it in place. 'What is to pay, asked his relieved patient.' He replied — 'if rich — seventy-five cents ; if poor — nothing.'

A friend once asked him why he wrote such labored sermons, when his people would be satisfied with those far inferior. His reply deserves to be written in letters of gold : 'Would you have me go into the sanctuary with unbeaten oil or a worthless offering ?'

To a friend who was going out of town said Mr. T., 'you had better take your cloak. 'Why, Sir,' said his friend, 'it is fair weather.' 'Take your cloak in fair weather,' rejoined Mr. T.; 'any fool would take it in foul.'

Speaking to his wife about his parishioners, he said, 'If they give you anything, wife, take it and thank them. If they offer me a fish, though I have plenty, I take it and thank them, and on my way home toss it into the first pool.' He used to say to himself : 'Be careful now Mr. Thaxter, and don't preach for money,' and he satisfied himself that he did not as he was quite as contented with a salary of \$275 as with £100.

One of the deacons of his church was asked by some individual what he thought of the weather — what he considered the prospect. 'I hardly know,'

replied the deacon, 'for I am not very weather-wise.' Mr. T. being in company, subjoined : 'No, nor much *otherwise.*'

Mr. Thaxter was a man of a good deal of natural eloquence and gifted in prayer. An evidence of the latter is a singular fact told me by one of his brothers in the ministry. He was present at an ordination some where in the southern part of the State, and though not a member of the Council convened to take a part in the exercises, he was unanimously requested, contrary to all usage, to take that part which constitutes the essence of the rite, viz : the ordaining prayer.

Mr. T. was a very benevolent man. I have been informed that not seldom he has got up at midnight and crossed to the Island of Chappequiddick to visit the sick, and that when he has been down in Town, (for he lived on the outskirts thereof) and filled his basket with vegetables and more substantial things, he has stopped on his return to see this and that family of his parish, and ere he has reached home many time has found his basket empty.

Mr. Thaxter was settled as Pastor not only of a congregation, but of the Town. One would have no doubt of it from the size of the old Church. He was very successful in the ministry. The first year he added 53 to the Church and baptised 147. After some years however the unity and peace of his society were broken. The love for sects inherent in human nature occasioned the rise of several



within his territorial Parish. All Israel however were not backsliders. Many clung to him as strongly as he clung to them. The simple annals of his ministry can afford of course but little variety. Towards the latter part of his life, on the Seventeenth of June, 1825, he was present at the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker-Hill Monument and offered a simple and solemn prayer of consecration. I have it in his very words, and send it to you, as it seems to me worthy of preservation. He was at this time over eighty years of age :

## PRAYER.

O, thou who rulest in the armies of Heaven and doest whatsoever seemest to thee good among the children of men below, we desire at this time to remember thy loving kindness to our pious ancestors in rescuing them from a land of intolerance and persecution. We thank thee that thou didst conduct them in safety through the mighty deep to this then howling wilderness, that thou didst protect and defend them when few and helpless. We thank thee that, by thy blessing on their endeavors and labors, the wilderness was soon made to blossom like the rose. We thank thee that thou didst animate them with an invincible attachment to religion and liberty — that they adopted such wise institutions. We thank thee that they so early established our University, from which have flowed such streams as have made glad the cities of our God ; that thou hast raised up of our own sons, wise, learned, and brave to guide in the great and important affairs both of church and state. May thy blessing rest on that Seminary and continue it for a name and praise as long as sun and moon shall endure. We thank thee that by the wisdom and fortitude of our fathers every attempt to infringe our rights and privileges were defeated, and that we were never in bondage to any. We thank thee that when our country was invaded by the armies of the mother country, thou didst raise

up wise counsellors and unshaken patriots, who at the risk of life and fortune not only defended our country, but raised it to the rank of a nation among the nations of the earth. We thank thee that thou hast blessed us with a constitution of government which, if duly administered, secures to all, high and low, rich and poor, their invaluable rights and privileges. We ask thy blessing on our President and Congress — on our Governors and Legiskators, on our Judges and all our civil officers. Make them, we beseech thee, ministers of God for good to thy people. Bless the ministers of the Gospel and make them happy instruments in thine hands of destroying Satan's kingdom and of building up the Redeemer's. We thank thee that in thy good providence we are assembled to lay the foundation of a monument, not for the purpose of idolatry, but a standing monument to the rising and future generations, that they may be excited to search the history of our country and learn to know the greatness of thy loving-kindness to our nation. May the service of this day be performed under the most profound awe of thy glorious Majesty and be an acceptable sacrifice. We thank thee for the unparalleled progress and improvement in arts and sciences, in agriculture and manufactures, in navigation and commerce, whereby our land has become the glory of all lands. We thank thee that the light which came from the East, and has enlightened this Western world is now reflected back and that the nations of Europe are now learning lessons of wisdom from our infant nation. We pray thee that these rays may be spread and shine with greater power until the rod of oppression shall be broken through the whole world and all mankind become wise and free and happy. We humbly ask and offer all in the name of Jesus Christ, our great and glorious Mediator, through whom be glory unto God the Father now and forever — Amen.

Not long after this event, in 1827, well stricken in years — the snow-white hairs of above four-score winters playing around his venerable head — he was taken hence like a shock of corn gathered in its sea-



son. The highest praise can be awarded to Mr. Thaxter, that of being a good and holy man to the close of his lengthened life. He stood the test of our Saviour's ordeal, *enduring* unto the end. As he lived — so he died. His last words were memorable and inspiring. 'My faith is unshaken, my hope is unclouded.' On the marble monument erected to his memory by his children it is beautifully said, 'Full of the hope of a blessed immortality, he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.' He has left an impression of himself that will not soon be obliterated. His virtues yet speak with eloquent effect :

"Ev'n in his ashes live their wonted fires."

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A few words more before I close this letter.

It is a natural subject of inquiry what the prospect is for the formation of a liberal Society in Edgartown. It has been observed that there are but fifteen hundred inhabitants in E. and already three Societies. Two of these may be said to be flourishing. Of course the prospect for another cannot be very encouraging. There are however a great many Unitarians in the place. Originally they were the parishioners of Mr. Thaxter, but since his death they have become joined unto idols. There are a few who have ever been 'faithful found among the faithless,' and they are some of the most respectable and influential people in the place. These together with a sprinkling from every denomination, Baptists, Methodists, Orthodox, and Universalists

constituted my audience, in number an hundred and fifty. This was the consequence of holding the afternoon service at 3 o'clock and sometimes as late as 6, after the hour of tea — for every meal is served earlier in Edgartown than on the main ; in summer, breakfast at 6, dinner at 12, and supper at half past 4 or 5.

In Spring an effort will be made to rekindle the embers of what we consider the true faith and, whether very successful or not, a clergyman may be sure of a fair support as long as he perseveres in the good cause. We hope they will not have reason to be discouraged and that Zion will arise, her light shine, and unto her many people be gathered.

Here, Mr. Editor, I take occasion to thank you for your indulgence, and bring my communications, — unexpectedly become a series, — to a close.

Yours.

## DOWN EAST.

## CHAPTER I.

*Gardiner — Hallowell — Augusta — Bangor, Its Climate — Character of the Inhabitants. A Sermon long enough in all conscience. Religious Meetings. Eastward in a Packet. Gloucester — its beauty seen from the Bay. Great Disappointment. Adventure on an Island in Portland Harbor. A Stone Church at Sea. Hard Luck.*

IN the fall of 1833, I made my first excursion down East. My first point of destination was Gardiner on the Kennebec. I had been informed that a preacher was much wanted in this place and had been urged to go and see what could be done for the formation of a liberal Society. Accordingly I took letters of introduction and went down. Every assurance had been given that there would be no lack of heart, or means. By the advice of those who best know what advice to give, I took up my abode at the public house of the Town. Here I remained for several weeks — preaching one Sabbath evening in the Episcopal church — the next in the Methodist — afterwards during the day in the Lyceum Hall, and always to respectable audiences. I made many acquaintances, visited much, and was very hospitably treated. Much interest, I was led to believe, had been excited in the cause of liberal Christianity, but in consequence of the strong influence exerted by a single Episcopalian family of much

worth, not an individual could be found who had courage enough to put himself foremost in the cause of what he believed to be truth. Perceiving what turn things would take, or rather that they would take no turn, but remain as they were, wisdom suggested to me to settle up my bills for board, room, fire, attendance, et cetera, before they mounted up beyond my reach, and betake myself to another sphere. This I did at once, carrying with me this morceau of useful experience, that though the 'workman may be worthy of his meat' he does not always get it, and that there is such a thing as 'going a warfare at one's own charges.' Passing through those lovely Towns on the beautiful Kennebec — Hallowell and Augusta — my next point of destination was Bangor, where I remained four weeks.

Bangor is not a very striking city. I describe it with its latest improvements having been there within a few months. It is situated on either bank of the Kenduskeag (a river emptying into the Penobscot) and on the western bank of the latter. The Banks of the Kenduskeag are bold and precipitous, and as slippery after a rain as soft clay can make them. The streets are irregular and the houses, with a few exceptions, display no particular architectural taste. Formerly they were here and there and everywhere, and had the appearance, as was quaintly said by some one, of having been shaken from a pepper-box. Of late there has been much improvement.

The first day I was there — the Sabbath — inquired after the state of the Thermometer and learned to my astonishment that it was 10 below zero. This circumstance however is not worthy of notice. It is the trifle of trifles. For the mercury has the finest of sport here. Its race-course is the longest in the States. In the Summer it runs to 96 degrees or more above, and in Winter to 39 degrees below zero. The evening air is fearfully penetrating. A smart gymnastic trot was the only expedient by which I could keep myself from being chilled to ice.

The Bangoreans are intelligent, enterprising and ambitious as every body knows. They are generous and hospitable. They make money without much effort, and spend it freely. Light come — light go. They are fond of display. The chastened and refined tastes of some of the older cities, Boston and Philadelphia, have not yet been reached. This is not to be expected in a city of sudden growth. Though this remark is true of the city as such, there are many well educated, polished, and excellent families. The social circle, however, is yet in an unformed, unamalgamated state. Reader, have you never been to this city of the East? There is a spectacle you have yet to witness — a Bangorean riding through the streets. To say that he rides faster than the Bostonian, New-Yorker, or Philadelphian, would be saying little — would be doing him manifest injustice. His velocity has not yet been calculated. You must get a glimpse of him

as he passes you, if you can, and judge for yourself. The Bangoreans are proud of their city, and indeed they deserve much credit for their unexampled enterprize and unwearied energy. Still one cannot but think they are inclined to cherish an overweening estimate of themselves. They have been intoxicated, and no wonder they should be, with unexampled success. They will however grow sober betimes, if they have not become so already.

The Lyceum could not be made to flourish a few years ago. It is otherwise now I believe. This small fact is an indication of some re-action from entire absorption in business in favor of intellectual cultivation, and attention to science and literature.

The first week I was in the city my mind was much perplexed upon the subject of the Atonement to which I had devoted more attention than usual. The more I studied, the more obscure and unsatisfactory were my views. After unwearied examination and reflection, my anxiety was relieved towards the close of the week, and it occurred to me that it would be an useful effort to preach an extemporaneous sermon on the subject, the afternoon of the approaching Sabbath. I prepared myself, putting on paper a few notes to help my memory, and when the hour arrived went into the desk, fearing I should be brought to a full stop in a very few minutes. But let the consequence be what it might, my determination was fixed to trust myself (and it was the first time) to a few scanty notes. I began. My sub-



ject, as I proceeded, enlarged before my vision. It had occupied my attention so much the previous week and I felt the importance of it so deeply that, if ever, I was then enthusiastic. The passage of time I did not realize. The current of my thoughts flowed on — on — until the short day of Winter began to decline. Some went to the Post-Office and returned with letters and papers. Ladies' gloves, accidentally dropped upon the pew floor, could not be discovered in the darkness that began to gather fast and thick. This latter fact I do not take upon me to vouch for, having received it by tradition from others. One thing, however, I can vouch for, that the homily, for godly length, would have done no discredit to a full bottomed wig of the last century, measuring an hour and twenty minutes. Some affirmed it a deal longer — near two hours. But kind reader, beware how you believe everything that everybody says. You have my word for it that this is an extravagancy, a foul aspersion, a hyperbolical vituperation of the Bangoreans. However I never expect to hear the last of my 'Bangor Sermon,' as it is called.

During the four weeks I remained in the city, religious meetings were held in one church or another the whole time --- night and day. Some diseases prevailed extensively and created considerable alarm, erysipelas and puerperal fever. By these many were sent to their long home, and clerical duties became somewhat trying. The religious meet-

ings, I understood, originated, in part, in consequence of the fatality of these complaints. Liberal Christianity, notwithstanding much opposition, was flourishing and has continued to flourish more and more. — On the whole there is much to like in the Bargoreans, and their thriving city.

My return to Boston and, after a few months, second visit to the East, furnish nothing of interest. My third visit however must not be passed over in silence. Having heretofore tried other modes of journeying I was persuaded to try, with a friend, a passage in one of the best Belfast Packets — the *Comet*. With such a name, no wonder we were tempted *within the sphere of its influence, and caught within its sweeping trail*. We expected of course to leave the steamboat an infinite distance in the rear ; to advance with a velocity hardly to be brought within the limits of measurement. Our freight was the fall and winter goods of eastern traders, and our passengers some thirty in number. The wind had been contrary for a week, and the passengers who, almost every hour of every day, went down the wharf to talk with the Capt. about starting, had become extremely uneasy, and at length were for putting out --- wind or no wind. The Captain reasoned with them, and refused for a long time, but unfortunately after much solicitation yielded ; and now behold us at sunset — our anchors weighed and sails set — going out of Boston Harbor ! The Captain saw no prospect of a wind, but



the passengers thought the wind must to a certainty have nearly blown itself out, and would veer shortly.—7 o'clock. The city vanished — the shades of night all around us — the starred robe of Heaven unrolled and flinging an uncertain light upon our path — the ship under full sail and with a smart breeze dashing with rapid course through the dark and troubled waters. The old seaman at the helm as tranquil as the planet Jupiter. For myself — though I had been much on the water — not altogether so calm. Not seeing distinctly the ship's length ahead, what marvel if my fancy conjured up the dreadful scene of our being run down and in a moment sinking into the abyss of waters. That night was a disturbed, dismal night. Towards daylight, worn down with sleeplessness and anxiety, I resolved to get upon deck. The vessel rolled so awfully that I was nigh giving up in despair. At length I succeeded ; and now look around with me. Not a speck of land in sight — 80 miles from anchorage — the wind still dead ahead and impetuous — the crested waves swelling to mountains' height and coming towards us, apparently, with fell intent to bury us forever — our bark — the beautiful and rapid bird of the seas — bounding, quivering, and screaming in the blast — disappointment and doubt (but no fearfulness) marked on every countenance. A council was held upon the quarter deck and the result was to make for the nearest and most convenient harbor. The sun had nearly descended the

horizon before we were greeted with the welcome sight of the port of Gloucester. From our position — two miles down the bay — it has an uncommonly fine appearance. Wearied and sick, having had nothing that could be called sleep, many of us anticipated a blessed night of repose upon terra-firma, in the motionless beds of a comfortable inn. We were in high spirits, but alas! how soon depressed even lower than before! The wind, without our knowledge, had changed to point more favorable, and the clouds that skirted the horizon rose upwards and presented a broad track of golden light to the eye. The weather-wise captain saw not in vain. We stood gazing at the ranges of white houses and the various steeples of the Town. Shortly the word was passed from one to another that we were going out to Sea. What so nigh the Town — able to see into its very streets — and running away from it? We could not believe it. Our senses must be deceived. But it proved too true. Gradually the Town receded from us, and we could no more trace its streets, or count its dwellings. Some would have given anything to have landed upon one of the islands in the harbor. But, no, our watchword was *onward*, and none of our regrets or complaints restrained the progress of our leaping bark. The night was more endurable than the last, but in the morning we perceived we had made little headway. We were nearly opposite Old York. The wind proved light and continued so through the day

until night-fall, when a South-Easter with rain set in, and the old seamen said we must make a harbor, as it would be dangerous to be out trying to find our way in such squally weather. So we lay our course for Portland. It was no easy thing to discover the lights amid such rain and darkness. At half past eleven o'clock we anchored three miles from the city under the lee of an island in the harbor and about half a mile from the shore. The captain feared to go up to the wharfs lest he should run into some of the vessels. My companion and myself were not satisfied with being where we were. Though in calm water, we were in the vessel and must sleep in a birth with all its disagreeable associations. We resolved to see if we could not persuade the captain to put us on the shore of the island in the boat. We inquired if there was any place where we could get accommodations. He told us there was and that it was common for passengers to land for this purpose. Though the rain came down in torrents he ordered his boat to be manned. It was done. Our baggage was dropped in, and ourselves followed. We were soon at the beach, where we desired the seamen to remain until we went to a house, where we could see a light, to ascertain whether and where we could get lodging. We were obliged to scramble up an almost perpendicular clay bank of some fifty feet, covered with shrubs and briars, down which streams of water, infinite in number, were running :

“Brook and brookling hurrying down.”

And such a scramble, with umbrellas in hand too! It seemed to me when I reached the summit, that there was no part of me from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot that had not received a thorough scratching. No sooner had we set foot upon the top of the bank than the taper seen in the cottage at a little distance was extinguished. It was now twelve o'clock, and we felt assured that all the inmates had retired. Conceive our disappointment. But what was to be done? Rouse them? 'Twould be cruel. We looked about us and discovered at a distance a light. We made towards it, wading through high wet grass — crossing some swollen brooks — the rain unabated — until at length we were at the threshold. It proved a house of two stories, ancient and weather-beaten. We knocked. A grum, ruffian voice reached our ears from an inner apartment, sounding out in tones to make one shudder, ‘Come in.’ We would not trust ourselves until we saw our host — so knocked again — and were greeted in like manner. In a moment footsteps were heard approaching. The door opened, and two persons presented themselves. By the light which one of them brought we perceived they had a somewhat fearful aspect. Both were shaggily apparelled. One was of the middle size and, with his copper face and long black hair, had the look of an Indian. The other was tall and big every way — a brawny man with fiendish face —

evidently brutalized with excessive potations. They seemed to be alone in the house and, as it was Saturday night, had probably been deep in a carouse. They asked who we were, and where we came from, and how we came there. Having answered their questions, I asked them if there was an inn on the island. They said, No. Any place where strangers could be accommodated? No. They were vehemently urgent for us to come in. There was so much reason to suspect them of sinister designs that we declined. At length the fiercest of the two grasped with his hand the collar of my coat and would have me enter. But I resisted with all possible decision. Why I was not alarmed I know not. My companion, who stood behind, pulled me by the coat, as much as to say, we had better be off as soon as possible. I told the ruffian to take his hand from my collar and, suiting the action to the word, jerked it forcibly off. Our backs were turned upon them in an instant. A volley of oaths followed us at some distance, but in less than a trice we were down the bank and at the boat's side. We told the seamen we were disappointed and that they must row us to the vessel. We were glad to get back to our cabin again, but we kept our strange adventure a profound secret, answering no more questions than we were obliged to.

We were soon informed that some of the ladies, presuming of course that we should not return, had taken possession of our berths. There seemed to

be no alternative left but to throw ourselves upon the floor. Some of the passengers insisted upon our taking their berths, declaring that they did not wish to sleep, and, if they did, could get along as well on the floor as in the best berth. We accordingly accepted their berths and turned ourselves in more willingly than we had any previous night, though expecting to while away the hours with uneasy slumbers and distempered dreams. Our obliging friends were better provided for than we imagined, for the ladies overhearing us, had retired to their own state-rooms, leaving ours unoccupied. We passed a tolerable night, doubtless owing to our exercise on the misty and mysterious Island. Awaking early we still heard the rain beating down upon the deck, and perceived that our vessel was in motion by the gurgling of the water along the sides. We soon ascertained that the captain was making towards the city. He anchored at some distance from the wharf, and those of us who wished to go ashore must take to the long-boat. We had been out three nights, and this day, Sunday, was the fourth since we left Boston. We went to the captain and told him that we had had quite enough of Packet-sailing and should now try our luck at land-conveyance. Having settled with him and bid adieu to our fellows, who meant to stick by, we got into the boat and were soon at the wharf. The tread of our mother earth, or, I should rather say, our foot-prints in the deep mire conveyed sensations of



exquisite pleasure through our enfeebled frames. That day we attended service in Dr. N.'s church — but not to our unmixed enjoyment — for the church [seemed metamorphosed into a vessel and rolled from side to side as in a heavy sea. Though requested to preach, the effect of my voyage made it necessary for me to decline. The next day we started by land, but had a most wearing and perilous journey. It was the fall of the year, November, and the roads of course in a very bad state. That from Augusta to Belfast, distant forty miles, was most execrable. The mud had been many inches deep and was now frozen solid. We must rise at three o'clock in the morning, get into a wagon once covered, but now all in tatters, entirely open in front, and resting without springs upon the axle-trees. We fretted some, but to no purpose. Our driver could not but acknowledge the justice of our complaints. He was a young man, who had some good qualities, but whose highest attainment appeared to be an astonishing volubility in the use of profane language. Every crack of his whip was accompanied by a smart oath to give it increased effect. He beat his horses most unmercifully. His lash was off their backs scarce a minute at a time from the beginning to the end of the journey. Never in my life did I suffer so much from hard jolting. As for sitting on the seat it was out of the question. So I braced myself against the back and sides of the vehicle, and rode thus a good part of the way. Ere



we had gone over half our course an aneurism was produced in a vein on my hand, which somewhat alarmed me and was not reduced for many days. We reached Belfast some time in the afternoon, and were obliged to pay more for our passage than we should for the same distance in any other part of N. England. Reader, if you are ever caught down east, unless you wish to be beaten to a jelly, be shy of trusting yourself upon the Belfast road at three o'clock in the morning in the fall of the year. Rather than wind round a curve of some thirty-two miles — perhaps with no better success than we had just experienced — we preferred to step into the light and swift packet that crosses straight to Castine, but fifteen miles distant, which we reached after a short and pleasant run.

*Penobscot Bay. The old and trusty Pilot. Castine Light. Castine — its Sabbath stillness — Climate — Churches. Forts. Count of Castine. The Fort par excellence — View from the Rampart. View from the Islands and the Heights of Brookville. Inhabitants of C\*. — Character and Occupation. Things never to be forgotten.*

BELFAST OR PENOBSCOT BAY is fifteen miles across, and extends to the open sea, distant thirty miles. Into it pour the broad waters of Penobscot River. On the North side is the town of Prospect, and near by rises into view the rounded outline of Brigadier's Island, with but one cleared spot amongst its deep forests. A few miles to the South is the headland of a long and narrow Island, partially wooded, running nine miles towards the sea and dividing the Bay, as it were, into two broad and mighty rivers. On this are various settlements — the town of Isleborough, &c. At the East and West extremities of the Bay lie Castine and Belfast; the former with a population of 1200 — the latter of 4 or 5000. The waters of the Bay are very deep, and vessels of war of any size can float with perfect safety almost everywhere. The curve of the Bay on the Northern side it would be difficult for nature to surpass. The 'tout ensemble' moreover is exceedingly picturesque, and with the golden sky and balmy airs of summer to beguile the senses it is easy to imagine oneself in the South of Europe looking out upon one of the finest bays of the Mediterranean.

Some Frenchmen indeed, who were here a few years ago, were much taken with the beauty of this inland sea, or ‘ silvery lake ’ and said it bore a striking resemblance to the Bay of Naples.

But we must not forget the old and trusty pilot of these waters. He has seen many a foul day as well fair. He has been caught by, as well as escaped many a squall. His little sloop with its green striped sides, has oft been buried beneath the swelling waves. Though for many years he has crossed these waters, at all seasons, and almost every day, — bating those in mid-winter when the bay is thick-ribbed with ice — he has ever saved himself and those committed to his care. His shrewd weather-beaten visage assures you of safety. Would that his morals were as good as his *pilotage*.

With a fair breeze the passage across the Bay is accomplished in two hours. Castine light is made a mile this side of the village. It is on the Western extremity of the Peninsula. Castine light ! I suppose, reader you think it would hardly reward a glance. You are mistaken. It is a beautiful object situated as it is upon a lofty precipice, whose rugged sides consist of rocks that have been worn into all curious shapes by the ebb and flow of the restless ocean-waters for unknown centuries. You run close under them. In a few minutes you find yourself alongside the wharfs, the snug village of Castine and its neat Churches rising before you like a vision of some fairy land.

The Peninsula is some four or five miles in circumference, oblong in shape, and rises gradually from the water's edge to a considerable elevation. The Town is on the southern slope, beneath the battlements of a large and strong fortification erected by the British during the revolutionary war, and taken possession of by them again during the last war. It seems to sleep quietly beneath the arm of a mighty protector, literally to sleep, for there is not what can be called bustle or stir therein from morn to mid-day, or latest eve. No carts, wagons, or chaises are heard rattling along the fine-gravelled streets. The town contains but twelve hundred inhabitants and two hundred of these form a village by themselves several miles from the Peninsula. All business is transacted by water. So that a Sabbath stillness pervades the air every day of the week. Castine is a lovely place. The houses are quite compact and nearly all painted ; most of them white. They are of two stories, built in good taste, and seldom destitute of gardens of considerable size and some beauty. It has never been my good fortune to be in a village that is blessed with greater tranquility — purer air — cleaner and better streets, or houses, yards and fields more neat and pleasurable. The climate is equable. The mercury seldom mounts higher than 85, or descends lower than — 15 degrees.

Castine would be a choice watering-place for the rich merchants of Bangor during the heats of sum-

mer. There are two churches : one lifting a square tower, and the other a very symmetrical spire into the heavens. The Unitarian Church, inside and out, is a model of correct taste. These churches, as is the case in all small villages, are antipodal to each other in all respects, but locality. The Bay in front of Castine, which is three-fourths of a mile wide, is deep, and will float close to the town the largest vessels of war. Between the Town and the Light are the remains of three forts, one erected during the last war, which is in a good state of preservation and contains a few cannon within its precincts — another erected during the old French war — and another erected by the Count of Castine, a French Nobleman, who is supposed to have come to this country in disgrace, and, attracted by the beauty of the situation, to have fixed his abode here. The Indians were numerous about him, and to protect himself against their depredations and any evil schemes they might machinate against him in case of offence, as also to gain entire sway over them so as to make them subservient to his purposes, he is said to have thrown up these mounds and planted in front rows of palisades. These events must have taken place some centuries since.

Reader, ascend with me now to the central and principal fort on the height of the Peninsula, and take a view of that Panorama which I have so often gazed upon with delightful and sublime emotions, and with which my eye could never grow weary.

Let me point out to you the different features of the landscape. To the north you trace a line of wild and rugged hills, and the serpentine course of that Prince of Eastern rivers, the mighty Penobscot, coming down from the solitude of unbroken forests where the cry of wild beasts alone is heard. To the East the ocean tides ascend far beyond the point of land on which you stand to join the fresh-water currents that descend from their sources several miles above, and seventeen miles distant is the conical swell of a certain wooded eminence, ever with a veil of blue mist thrown around its sides and heightening its natural charms, known as 'Blue-Hill.' To the South your eye falls upon the sweet village at your feet — the wharfs and ships which bespeak commerce of considerable moment — the bay widening eastward from three-fourths of a mile to three miles, and spotted with many fairy islands of every size and shape — some, bare and sea-washed rocks — others, clothed with verdure and enlivened with the bleat of flocks of sheep — some, producing in abundance varieties of berries — the rich blackberry and delicious strawberry — others, clothed with a goodly growth of forest. Among them the seal swims and the porpoise gambols, and upon them in winter the foxes seek their food. Directed seaward your eye will catch in the distance five or six isles, twenty-nine miles off, one behind the other in almost regular succession, the foremost small, but increasing in size to the hindmost, and appearing



like a file of tortoises taking up their line of march across the waters of the bay. To the West lies spread out before you the broad bay at the mouth of the Penobscot — Prospect and Belfast along its shores — Long Island far-stretching North and South, and the noble range of the Camden Hills with their rounded summits rising one above another, and, when reflected in golden splendor against an evening sky, presenting a scene of great beauty and one admirably suited to the pencil. The duty of a Cicerone I have now discharged and leave you, my friend, to gaze, admire, and indulge your own reflections. — If you are a lover of fine scenery step into one of the swift sail-boats at the wharf and speed your course to the islands or the heights of Brookville ; you will never repent it. [New-England cannot furnish more enchanting and magnificent landscapes. Winnipisseogee lake with its more than three hundred isles, as seen from the summit of Red Mountain, hardly equals them.

Castine is a most sequestered spot. It is not upon any of the main roads that traverse the State. It is thirty-two miles South of Bangor and seventeen from Bucksport. Every mile from this latter place towards C\*. carries you so far away from the common thoroughfare of travel. If a stranger is in Castine, he is there to view the scenery, visit his relations and friends, or accomplish some matter of business. The chief events which serve to enliven the Sabbath stillness of the place are the periodical



sittings of the Courts and the occasional debarkation of a steamboat party from Bangor. The inhabitants of Castine partake of the character of their village and climate. There is a gentleness, quiet, and equability about them, that are rarely to be found amidst the bold enterprize and bustle of the East. Commerce built up the place, and this, together with the regular outfit of the fishing-smacks that run to the Great Banks, sustain it in about the same position from year to year. The merchants, some of them, have amassed considerable property. Of farmers there are a few. The soil is generally untractable. The Western parts of the Peninsula are very rocky, yet produce grass enough for sheep. Springs gush out here and there to quench their thirst, and clumps of spruce, birch, and other trees form for them a pleasant shade from the heats of mid-summer.

Castine — a pleasant vision will ever rise to my mind when thy name is mentioned or occurs to me. Never shall I forget that sacred desk, associated with my earliest efforts in the cause of Christian truth and love, where for the first time I felt myself a preacher of the cross and charged with the responsible care of immortal spirits, or that little band that pledged themselves to commemorate a Saviour's love, or the Sabbath School that responded so truly to the vesper prayer and listened with so much interest to the friendly counsels of their Teachers, and chanted with such harmonious and heavenly joy hymns of praise to the Creator and Father of all.

Never shall I forget those weekly assemblings for mutual instruction and encouragement, for the cultivation of the social feelings, for the attainment of a spirit of true piety, for ‘thanksgiving and the voice of melody’, or those happy evenings spent in listening to rich, hallowed, and wonderful effusions of olden song, which the musical upstarts of the present day, one may venture to affirm, have never heard, if indeed they have known of their existence. Long shall I remember my frequent rambles along thy shores—Old Castine—the many curious stones and sea-weeds, shells and fish I have gathered there—the sea-birds floating upon the breast of the blue waters, or careering and screaming overhead, or skimming along the margin of the shore—the bleating of the sheep borne from the islands on the stillness of the evening twilight—the vessels in full sail, from ship to fishing-smack, bounding in from the mighty sea—the star-lit nights, clearer and brighter than farther West—that happiest eve when an unexpected brother was my guest, and sitting in my chamber discoursing of things that stirred our souls, we threw our windows up,

‘ And looked forth to the sky whose floating glow  
Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright ;  
And gazed upon the glittering sea below,  
Whence the broad moon rose circling into sight,  
And heard the waves’ splash and the wind so low ’ —

Long shall I remember the lovely bay seldom torn with bitter squalls, on which I first learned to guide

my little boat without pilot or companion, and that afternoon when pursued by a man-mermaid or merman — an unaccountable creature with broad face, capacious head, large human eyes and locks somewhat grey and long — how he darted towards me under water, reappearing at intervals to look around and at me, and when with haste I ran my boat into a nook hard by, disappearing to be seen no more. Long shall I remember that aged woman — a shining light of the church — who lived all but an hundred years and was active as a person of three score, who retained all her intellects and affections to the last, and died as she had lived full of faith and hope — that solemn time when rowed three miles across the waters in a light skiff, and from the landing-place obliged to walk several miles beneath a sweltering sun to attend the funeral solemnities of an old man — a patriarch indeed — round whose remains had gathered a company of mourners from the four winds of heaven — that afflicted son of man, with a large family of youthful sons and daughters dependant upon him for subsistence, suddenly prostrated in the prime of life, by an excruciating and horrid disease, unable to eat or drink, and, sad to tell or think upon, starved — literally starved into his ‘narrow house’ — and those thrilling tales of deserters from the English Camp, who were taken and subjected to the rigour of martial law — shot outside the fort into their coffins, as they kneeled over them, by a file of their obedient but heart-rent comrades.

These and many other things will never be forgotten.

Much professional labor, the short intermission between services on the Sabbath (affording little opportunity for the repose of mind or body) together with the powerful action upon my system of an atmosphere saturated with salt-vapors, made it necessary for me to obtain a release from the Society at Castine and seek a more Southern clime. It was the middle of February and the best of sleighing; accordingly a quick run over the hardened snow soon brought me again to the metropolis of N. England.

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## SOUTHWARD.

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### CHAPTER I.

*Hartford — Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb. New York — Jewish Sabbath — Peale's Museum — Hydro-Oxygen Microscope. Hoboken. Philadelphia — Pratt's Garden, etc. Baltimore — a noble Forest — Catholic Cathedral — An ardent Catholic.*

FROM Boston, after the expiration of a month, I took steamboat for New York by the way of Hartford, and visited the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb in H\*. There were one hundred and thirty pupils.

They obtain a good general education, and the knowledge of some particular trade. I was informed that there were seven or eight thousand of these unfortunates in the United States, and about fifteen hundred in Massachusetts. The states severally support their Deaf and Dumb who are in indigent circumstances. Some of these have no idea of God. Though they fear when it thunders and lightens, it is not from any conception of a superior Being. They expect to die like the beasts of the field, and perish forever. So I was told. This must be true, I should suppose, only those who have not had the benefit of any education. The teachers are ten in number, three of them deaf and dumb, and receive salaries of five hundred to fifteen hundred dollars. The fund of the Institution is \$100,000.

I passed a week in New York, and made myself familiar with all that is interesting therein ; its public buildings — its City Hall with bespotted marble steps — a desecrated place, literally a magnificent spit-box — its Exchange, with its statue of exquisite workmanship and truth — its churches, of which St. John's with its lofty spire, imposing interior, and noble square, guarded by a costly and substantial iron railing, took my fancy far more than any other — its Hotels — its batteries and parks, its gardens and refectories — its Museums — Hospitals — and Colleges — also its rattling and numberless Omnibusses, some of whose inscriptions pleased me, such as Washington Irving, Alice Gray, Lady Clin-

ton, Knickerbocker, Gideon Lee, North Star, and Rip Van Winkle. Among the strange sights of this strange city, I saw such strange signs and symbols as 'Quackenboss, Wyncoop & Co.' 'Babylon — Islip — Patchoque Stage.' Paid a visit to Marquand's Jewelry Store, Gardiner's Furniture Warehouse, G. & C. Carvill's Bookstore, Waldo & Jewett's Painting Rooms, and the Rooms of the Geological Institute, which I note thus particularly, as every body ought to visit them.

A hot and sultry day — in the fifth story of a coffee-house, taking a siesta after dinner, and slightly protected by the netting that enclosed my couch from the attacks of musketoos of monstrous size and alarmingly ferocious dispositions — most blood-thirsty phlebotomists ; here carried on with Quixotic ardor an argumentation with an antagonistical friend on the value of posthumous fame.

Threaded a multitude of streets on Sabbath morning with the same friend to find the Jewish Synagogue and attend its services. After a persevering and wearisome search we ferreted it out, and dropped upon its steps exhausted with fatigue — all to no purpose but to have impressed upon our memories by an Israelite the old and lost lesson that Saturday is the Jewish Sabbath. A laugh at our stupidity and folly refreshed us somewhat, and we wound our way to Murray-street and heard the Rev. Mr. Snodgrass preach, (Phœbus what a name!) or rather slept through his preaching — no fault of the ser-



mon however. The physical man was prostrate.— The flesh was weak, and the spirit also.

At Peale's Museum formed an acquaintance with two or three individuals of the serpentine species, such as the Anaconda, the Boa Constrictor, and took a seat within the shell of a Sycamore tree, big enough to contain a score of humanities. At the American was interested in the examination of curiosities upon curiosities, too numerous to mention, and there witnessed the astonishing powers of the Hydro-oxygen Microscope, magnifying the skeleton larvæ of the Gnat and the Hydrophilus or water-Devil, which devours every day six or eight times its weight of insects, to two million and a half times their natural size, and thereby exhibiting to view their internal structure — muscles, organs, &c.

Washington Square, with its spacious and unique marble edifice or College — The Park, with its public buildings, and rural aspect in the heart of the city — the Battery at its Southern extremity; with its fine ranges of trees, its smoothed and winding walks, and its seats for the weary or contemplative — these are the pride of New York and an attraction to strangers.

Crossed by the ferry to Brooklyn and Hoboken and have much to say in praise of both, especially the latter. It is one and a half miles to Hoboken, and the ferriage but six cents. Purchased a juvenile ride upon a circular rail-way for twelve cents, and walked through the fine avenue of trees, stretch-



hing for miles, and forming a most romantic promenade along the banks of the Hudson, as far as Turtle Grove. The weather not proving good my friend and my self were obliged to return, much to our disappointment, without visiting the tomb of the immortal Hamilton. We saw grape vines on our way, the most astonishing for size—one seventy feet in length, and covering the frame of a building thirty-five feet in breadth, for which it answered as a perfect shelter or roof, and another eighty feet in length, forty in breadth, and eleven in circumference at the trunk. This was the Burgundy grape.

Next took passage for Philadelphia, where I tarried another week and for the same purpose.—Went as every body does, to the Fair Mount water works and the Mint where they cut 120 half dollars in a minute and the mint-hopper throws out 50 at once all stamped and ready for use. I was surprised to learn from the superintendent that out of a thousand persons who had been employed in the different branches of the business, only two had been dishonest and purloined money.—Went also to the Navy Yard to see the largest ship in the Union, and and a big one it is indeed.

Was favored by kind friends with a trip to Pratt's Garden, a little out of the city, which is perfect in its way. Among other plants and trees, I remember the Yew, Banyan, Cypress, Mocha Coffee, *Rhododendron*, *Arbor Vitæ*, Juniper, Tulip tree, Wax-

plant, Citron, Pine-apple, &c. I gave a passing look at the famous Penitentiary covering so many acres --- thought the Arcade containing Peale's unrivalled Museum, and the Chesnut-street Theatre buildings of no common beauty, and admired much, very much the simple architecture of the United States Bank as well as the rich and superb facade of the Exchange. Chesnut St. is a fine street, though not for a moment to be compared with Broadway. The market in Philadelphia however, is above comparison with any thing of the kind in New York. The former place moreover has the advantage of an abundant supply of good water, in which the latter is sadly deficient. Philadelphia, on the whole, is too much a city of straight lines for my taste. Give me a little more up and down, round-about and twist-about. There is nothing so pleasant as to be lost once in a while in a large city. —The Philadelphians and New Yorkers are as strikingly different as their cities. Of this and their peculiarities every body is aware.

Baltimore is a fine city. I do not mean that it is more so than those already noticed, but it is more to the mind of a Bostonian, or one who like myself has walked its streets for years, than any other city I have seen. It contains nearly the same number of inhabitants, is just about as irregular, and, in fact, is much like Boston. Baltimore and also Philadelphia, as respects the syren charms of woman, are said to surpass other cities. The chief objects

of interest to a stranger in Baltimore, are Washington's Monument, the Battle Monument, the Penitentiary and Prison, the Water Works, and the City Spring. Within the enclosure of the latter is a monument erected to some colonel who fell in a skirmish in 1814. It is a small square shaft flanked by marble cannon, with four cannon shot on the summit, and upon these a bomb-shell. In the vicinity of Washington's Monument, truly worthy of the Father of his Country, is an extensive forest of ancient oaks. It is most truly picturesque. You cannot enter it with careless steps. You are awed at once by the grandeur of the old forest brethren, standing side by side, and lifting their crowned heads towards the heavens. Within this sacred domain the flame of devotion kindles in the soul without effort — unconsciously. One feels the truth of the following beautiful passage : ' In the woods is perpetual youth ; within the plantations of God a decorum and sanctity reign ; a perennial festival is dressed, and the guest sees not how he should tire of them in a thousand years.'

Among other objects of interest, are the Unitarian Church, which is hardly equalled for imposing effect in the Union,---St Mary's College, which by the by is of indifferent appearance --- the Exchange, U. S. Bank, and Custom House (one building) and in particular the Catholic Cathedral. On the different sides of the last, as you approach, your attention is attracted by the following passages of

Scripture : 'Ye shall keep my Sabbaths, and reverence my sanctuary : I am the Lord.' (Levit. xix. 30.) 'Now mine eyes shall be open, and mine ears attent unto the prayer that is made in this place.' (2 Chron. vii. 15.) 'We preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness.' (1 Corin. i. 23.) It is hardly necessary to say that passages like these, inscribed in letters legible at considerable distance, produce a very solemn effect upon the mind. As you enter the Cathedral a marble figure on one side greets your eye, pointing toward the Holy of Holies with this inscription, which seems to sound in your ears — 'Adore the Lord in his Holy Temple ;' and another on the opposite side with the following : — 'He that shall violate the temple of God, him shall God destroy.' Back of the pulpit you read — 'Come ye therefore and teach all nations.' Many valuable paintings hang about the walls, all of which are described with great particularity by a female attendant. I was at the Cathedral on a week-day, and afterwards on the Sabbath. On my first visit I had a somewhat singular conversation with the pious Catholic woman, who acted the part of a cicerone. She discoursed with incredible fluency about the altar, the paintings, the calendar of saints, the sacrifice of the mass, a belief of which she declared essential to salvation, transubstantiation, the history of the church, &c. I told her, when the current of her thoughts checked a little, that I did not know what she meant

by the 'sacrifice of the mass,' which she deemed so indispensable. She undertook to explain, but her explanation left me in still greater perplexity and darkness. 'It is all essential,' said she with increased volubility; 'The church is built upon it. You cannot be saved without it.' 'But,' said I, 'we read nothing of the sort in the Bible — The expression is not there.' 'The Catholic Church,' she replied, 'is the true church --- Believe in this and you will be saved.' 'How do you know,' said I, 'that it is the true church?' 'O,' said she, 'it is founded upon the teaching of the apostles.' 'How do you know that? Have you ever read the history of the church?' 'No, I have not.' 'How then do you know?' 'The priest has told us.' 'Now,' said I, 'allow me to say you are in a great error. The history of the church I have read carefully, and can assure you that the Catholic is not the ancient, the true church. The true church is that now called Liberal.' Pointing towards the dome of the Unitarian church, 'there,' said I, 'is the ancient, the true church.' She shook her head, and replied, 'No.' She argued moreover from the universality of the Catholic church that it was the church of the apostles. 'No,' said I, 'In the first place it is not universal, and if it were, it would prove nothing. A belief in witchcraft was once universal. Does this prove its truth? Do you believe in it on this account?'

At length she said she did not consider the Uni-

tarian church a church. 'No salvation is to be found in it. If you are not a Catholic,' she continued, 'you may as well be an Unitarian as any thing else. There, is no safety out of the *true Church*. After a while she relaxed a little, and said 'she hoped I was on safe ground,' (or rather) 'hoped I was safe.' I walked about the aisles and she recommenced her descriptions of some of the painted figures. At length she turned and said, 'But it is of no use for me to talk—you do not believe what I say.' I replied, that I believed all I knew to be historically true; more than this it was out of my power to believe. Part of the conversation was quite amuseing, for she was a quick-witted woman. I seated myself near the pew of the last of the Signers, Charles Carrol, while she stood in the aisle. Some of her remarks pleased me so much that I quite forgot myself and irreverently put my hat on my head, which she in a moment, as if her sense of propriety had been in a degree shocked, requested me to take off. Ere I left this singular woman, as my friend and myself stood upon the steps of the Cathedral, she said, 'though she could not think us safe, nay, must think us in much danger, she hoped we might meet again in another world, in the better country.' I replied that I did not doubt, if we sought diligently to understand, and to perform our duties here, she would find us there at last. With these words we parted. I attended the Cathedral service on the Sabbath. It was a most ridiculous piece of mummary. It was bowing like the bulrush throughout.



Lottery offices abound here.--Peale's Museum is worth a visit.—The Pittsburgh wagons, with their large breasted and fine-limbed horses --- powerful and high-spirited animals, cannot but attract notice.

The Hotels of the most established reputation which it may be well to name for the benefit of some, are the City Hotel --- Beltzooover's --- the Baltimore Hotel and Houseley's or Hussey's.

Of our religious societies in the several cities noticed, as they were then, and have been since, nothing could be told that is not generally known.

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## CHAPTER II.

*Indications of Slavery. Washington --- Capitol and President's House. Mt. Vernon --- The way to it. The old Negro Servant. The new and the old Tomb. The Mansion --- Its Apartments, etc. etc. The View from the Piazza. The Garden and Green-house. Our Departure.*

DESCENDING the steps of the City Hotel to take the stage to Washington, I unexpectedly met upon the pavement several highly valued friends, some from Cambridge, whose faces were turned in the same direction. We concluded to go in company, and securing seats in the same coach, started off in good spirits for the capital of the Union. It was a fine spring morning. Its pure soft air, to which we had long been strangers, with highly entertaining conversation answered as an offset to the hard road and



uninteresting aspect of the country. On our journey for the first time did I realize that we were in a slave state. In Baltimore the idea had hardly occurred to me. Here and there, as we rolled along, a few miserable negro huts skirted the road, and once in a while we could distinguish a ragged forlorn object busy at his task in the sterile and dreary fields. Some time in the after part of the day we found ourselves in the streets of the famed city and, covered with dust, soon landed at the door of Gadsby's Hotel. Though much fatigued one of our company and myself could not but sally forth, as soon as might be, to get a view ere night-fall of the Capitol and President's house. They tower --- especially the former --- in their pride and glory at the extreme points of Pennsylvania avenue. They are a mile distant from each other. All I have to say of them and the city at present is, that the former produce an imposing effect upon the mind, and that the latter, apart from its being the seat of government and its public buildings, contains but little to interest. The view however from the dome of the capitol is very extensive and very good, though not extraordinary. But more of these hereafter.

The next day our party were desirous of proceeding immediately to Mount Vernon. So we procured a barouche and set off. It is fifteen miles from the city. We entered a steamboat, barouche and all, and descended the Potomac as far as Alex-

andria, which is six miles distant. The trip was pleasant, but Alexandria we found to be a most unsightly place. We were soon out of it and on our way to the shrine of our country's idol. For the greater part of the nine miles the country on either side of us was woody and wild. The road, if it might be called such, was bad beyond description. Mud, deep and miry, in some places to the hubs of the wheels, and frequent peril of being upset and buried therein made it necessary to walk the horses nearly the whole distance. It was a long — long journey, but not a tedious one. It was a truly pleasant pilgrimage. We made all due allowances for the season of the year, but evidently at no season is the road kept in repair, and it is a disgrace to the country that it should be so. The approach to the seat from the main road is through an irregular and natural growth of fine tall trees which extend for a mile or more. The aspect of the country all the way from Alexandria is rural, and Mount Vernon, as it opens to the eye, is highly beautiful and picturesque. It has all the essentials of a delightful country seat, and one would not be at a loss to pronounce it the hospitable abode of a Virginia gentleman — a man of character and taste — a lover of nature in her natural mood and serene beauty. We alighted from our vehicle and soon perceived an aged negro approaching, who greeted us in a most courtier-like manner. We made known the object of our visit. He turned and led the way slowly towards the house,

where we hoped to find Mrs. Washington, to whom we had a card kindly furnished us by an intimate friend of the family. He informed us, much to our disappointment, that she was not at home. As we walked along thoughts of days gone by and of him — the pure genius of this sacred spot — crowded upon our minds. A few questions put to the aged negro proved him to be ready to communicate all he knew. We learned from him that he had been a servant in Washington's family and was 38 years old when the General died. He said he was 'raised' in the household, was 'given' by the General to the Judge, and by the latter to John Washington 'to take care of.' 'When we were boys,' he continued, (speaking of Washington and himself) 'we often rolled in the grass together. Dear me !' he exclaimed, 'many a thump have I given him in play. Though much older than me, Washington loved to play with me.' He must have been much more than thirty-eight years old when the General died, or his imagination has put considerable coloring on this picture. Conversing about the General we followed him past the house down to the 'new tomb,' which was begun by Washington, but left unfinished at his death. In this tomb the ashes of the Father of his Country now repose.

'And does a hero's dust lie here ?  
Columbia ! gaze and drop a tear !  
His country's and the orphan's friend,  
See thousands o'er his ashes bend !

Among the heroes of the age,  
 He was the warrior and the sage.  
 He left a train of glory bright,  
 Which never will be hid in night.

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And every sex and every age  
 From lisping boy to learned sage,  
 The widow and her orphan son,  
 Revere the name of Washington.'

The tomb is a plain brick structure, shaded by waving branches of cedar. The inscription on the front produces a sublime effect upon the mind and thrills it with lofty and sacred associations. It is this :

#### WASHINGTON FAMILY.

'I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet he shall live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.' *John.*

The rays of the bright sun gilded the face of the tomb and the shadow of the trees fell upon the arched and grassy roof, and here and there upon the circumjacent ground. We took a few sprigs of the branches that hung over the entrance, then silently and thoughtfully followed our venerable guide to the old tomb where the body was first deposited. It was built of like materials with the new, but is now in a ruined state. When the body was removed, our guide informed us that the mahogany covering of the lead coffin had entirely rotted away even to the screws and nails. The lead coffin was then

put into a plain wooden box and then deposited in the new tomb. From this spot, he said, the family never would consent that it should be removed. We brought away from the old tomb bits of the stone on which the coffin rested for many years and which seemed to us hallowed by this simple circumstance, and some of the acorns which dropt from the oak that lifts itself majestically near by, and seems to be the protection of the place from all irreverent intrusion. We then naturally directed our steps towards the house, anxious to see those apartments where the Father of his Country studied and wrote, conversed and planned, partook of the joys and endearments of domestic life. We passed through the entry that divides the house, into what is called the setting-room. As every thing that is associated with the 'First in the hearts of his countrymen' is interesting, I trust I shall be excused for minuteness of description. Since his death few alterations of any consequence have been made in any of the apartments. The room just mentioned is of moderate size and every thing about it indicates a simple taste. This is true of all the apartments into which we were admitted. The first object that attracted our attention was the identical library, over whose books he had pondered, enclosed in a large window case occupying, or rather constituting one side of the apartment. Various pictures lay upon the table in the centre of the room, near which stood two of Mrs Washington's sons. Among other things we noticed a

large map—a fan of peacock feathers—and busts of La Fayette and General Washington placed on opposite sides of the room. Near this is an apartment where he transacted business and did all his writing. The wainscoting and ceiling (which is highly ornamented and beautiful,) are the same as when he occupied it. The same pictures and engravings hang on the walls, but since his death they have been newly framed. Among them I noticed ‘Hector and Andromache.’ ‘The Fall of Montgomery.’ ‘The defence of Gibraltar’—and ‘The battle of Bunker’s Hill.’ On the other side of the entry is a small room for winter, neat and appropriately furnished—then a room quite spacious, added by the General and containing a fire-frame presented him by La Fayette, when he heard that he was enlarging his house. It is of exquisite marble, having various agricultural emblems wrought upon it, such as sheep—cattle—milk-maids &c. The ceiling is decked with similar devices, such as the rake—spade—pitch-fork—pick-axe—sickle—wheat-sheaf &c. These are arranged in groups in the centre and angles of a large figure occupying the whole ground. A neat organ, a portrait of Judge Washington, nephew of the General, and a large painting comprising the different members of Mrs Washington’s family (the present occupant, (whose husband was a nephew to the Judge) embrace all that deserves notice. There is an adjacent room of small size, containing a painting on canvass over the fire-place—an eu-



graved apotheosis of Washington — a perfect likeness of the General executed by a French boy upon a pitcher and so exquisitely done that it has been cut out and framed — a fine view of Mount Vernon and the serpentine waters of the Potomac &c. In the entry, your attention is attracted by several engravings and curiosities on either side, a dog and a heron, two representations of a fox-chase, two landscapes without names, the key of the Bastile, the tooth of a Mammoth, and over the door that opens upon the piazza, bronze images of slaves and lions. The door was thrown open and we went out upon the piazza which extends the whole length of the house. For the information of those who have never seen an engraving of the house, it may be remarked that it is two stories in height, covering an oblong square, and of a color not much different from white; with a sort of cupola and wings, (or what may be considered such) thrown a little back or towards the rear of the main building. The latter are covered passages running out to what may be denominated magnified belltries.

The view from the Piazza of the winding course of the silver Potomac, of fort Warburton and other objects of interest in the distance is hardly equalled in our country. The house itself has a light and airy appearance and the whole picture limned upon the fancy answers to an oriental scene. Having observed all that was likely to gratify curiosity in the abode of the departed, we retraced our steps to the



rear of the house, and whiled away a short time in examining the lovely daffodils and hyacinths which grew plentifully on the grounds, the luxuriant box, so lofty and large-leaved, and a strikingly beautiful horse-chestnut which well nigh remained a puzzle to us all. We then passed through the garden to the green-house which was built by the General. This we found in a state of decay, the shingles on the roof shrivelled to a fraction of their original size. Inside however all looked thriving and blooming. Among other plants and trees we noticed the myrtle, the orange, the cocoa-nut, the date, the palmetto, the laurentinus, and two magnificent specimens of the sago, raised by General Washington and fifteen years old when he died. The rarities of the green-house were pointed out and explained to us by another slave or servant of the family, who seemed to be the gardener and was highly intelligent and polite.

We had now seen Mount Vernon — with all that it contains hallowed by associations with the past, with the good and the great — with all it has to touch the heart of the stranger — the lover of his country — the lover of patriotism, virtue, and piety. In the short space of time we had been there we had contracted a warm affection and deep reverence for the spot, and when we left it, it was like turning our backs upon an old and valued friend,

## CHAPTER III.

*Return to the city. President's House — Appartements and Decorations — View from the Vestibule. State Department — Curiosities. Patent Rooms. Capitol — Rotundo — Library — Representatives' Chamber — Senate Chamber — Crypt — View from the Dome.*

FROM Mt. Vernon we returned to the city, having accomplished all that could be wished in a single day. Our thoughts were all employed. Our hearts were full. On the following morning we took a curricule and drove to the President's House. This was designed and completed by James Hoban. It is built of white freestone, is two stories in height, and has two entrances — one on either side — ornamented with porticoes. We were not much pleased with the portico on the side from which we entered. The columns are at irregular distances and have the appearance of plastered brick or stone. We were ushered into a common apartment, supported by pillars resembling white marble, as they probably were. It contains busts of Americus and Columbus. They may be, for aught I know, very good likenesses, but they certainly are rather ugly, especially that of Americus. They are not what imagination conceives, or demands. We then passed into a setting-room decorated with azure ceiling, with satin-silk arm-chairs and window curtains of the same rich color. Busts of Washington and General Jackson faced each other on opposite sides of the

room. That of Washington is very poor — that of Jackson very good. We thence passed into the great levee apartment. It is truly magnificent. It is ninety or a hundred feet in length, and ornamented with three candelabras, three centre tables of sienite marble, eight splendid mirrors, and four mirror tables. You tread upon a rich and splendidly figured carpet. The figure I do not exactly recollect, but its prevailing colors are red and yellow, or white. The sofas and easy-chairs are covered with light-blue satin-silk. The walls are deep yellow with a border of crimson. The curtains, some of which are very gracefully supported by imitations of the human arm thrown around them, are white, blue, and light-yellow commingled. The room in some particulars will hardly bear criticism. The light-yellow of the curtains, deep-yellow of the walls and scarlet borders hardly correspond. It was the unanimous opinion of our ladies that the carpet needed the cleansing effect of tea-leaves. — There are no portraits, paintings, or engravings. — We next entered the apartment where the General usually receives his friends. It is furnished in a simple but costly manner. Its chief attraction is a fine painting of Washington by Stuart. General Jackson was unable to make his appearance in consequence of indisposition. Though we had seen him before, we regretted we could not witness his courtesy, and partake of his hospitality in the nation's palace.

Our next point was the vestibule on the South

side, looking towards the Potomac. The view is very good, though the house being upon a somewhat level site, cannot command a very extensive prospect. The grounds on this side are diversified by some handsome swells clothed with grass, are appropriately laid out, and, in the neighborhood of the house, beautified with various flowers and plants. On the whole it is a seat worthy the people's idol.

We then drove to the building for the accommodation of the State Department, examined the Library and other rooms, containing among their curiosities the treaties made by the United States with foreign nations. One in the Turkish language was very curious, and attracted much notice. There were exhibited to us the great seals of England, Sweden, France, Russia, &c—the signatures, with their own hands, of Alexander, Francis 1st, King John, Bernadotte, the Sultan, Don Pedro, Louis Phillippe, Bonaparte, &c.—the original Declaration of Independence as penned by the father of the Rev. Dr. Palfrey, the original Constitution of the United States, the Commission of Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the American forces, and his letter that accompanied the Constitution of the U. S., also various Roman coins, engravings on silver and gold, a gold box set with a vast quantity of diamonds and valued by lapidaries at three thousand dollars, presented by the Emperor of Russia to our Charge d'Affaires for John Quincy Adams, a singular shawl presented by the

Emperor of Muscat to a Lieutenant in the Navy, Turkish guns from the Bey of Tunis, Turkish swords from the Pacha of Egypt, &c.

The War Department came next, with its office of Indian Affairs decorated with numberless portraits of Indian chiefs, squaws, and papooses.

The Patent rooms then received us, with their heating, cooking, and ventilating apparatuses, &c. A maze of inventions ! Pity they are no more. It was one of the best illustrations of American character. — We noticed a remarkable testimony to the principles of phrenology in the vast organ of constructiveness developed on the head of the overseer.

The Capitol again. This building was designed by William Thornton, and accepted by General Washington. It is 215 feet above the level of Pennsylvania Avenue, built of the same materials with the President's House, and has two magnificent wings. On each of these wings is a low dome, and from the centre of the building rises a third, large, lofty, and noble. Porticoes of different style and magnitude project from either side, and a stone balustrade encompasses the whole. The Rotundo is situated between the two wings, and is circular in shape. It is marble throughout, with the exception of the green baize door through which you enter and the skylight above. The floor is a solid and handsome pavement; the arch is very elevated and grand. The lightest footstep — the touch of a walking cane — conversation in a whisper are reverberated along the

walls and to the height of the dome in a most astonishing manner. The sound of a melodious voice is re-echoed so as to be exquisitely melodious. Soft music comes to the ear in tones of witchery that it possesses no where else. — In the niches are four pieces of sculpture. One represents the landing of our Pilgrim Fathers --- another, a contest between Daniel Boon, one of the first settlers of the West, and an Indian Chief --- the third, William Penn and two Indian chiefs engaged in a treaty beneath an elm tree on the eastern bank of the Delaware --- the fourth, the delivery of Capt. John Smith of Virginia memory from a violent death—the sentence of King Powhatan. He is saved by the intercession of Pocahontas, who almost breathes and speaks before the spectator. In the other niches are the following paintings by Col. Trumbull: Declaration of Independence—Surrender of Burgoyne --- Surrender of Cornwallis --- Resignation of Washington at Annapolis in '83.

The Library Room is spacious, being ninety-two feet long, thirty-four wide, and thirty-six high. It contains twelve arched alcoves. A gallery extends nearly round with recesses corresponding to the alcoves. Fluted pilasters, in imitation of the Octagon Tower at Athens, adorn the several alcoves. The number of volumes is about fourteen thousand. There are in this room busts of Jefferson, La Fayette, and Napoleon. That of La Fayette is poor.

The Chamber of the House of Representatives



resembles an ancient Grecian Theatre. Its greatest length is ninety feet, its height sixty. It is decorated with twenty-four superb columns of mixed marble or breccia, of the Corinthian order, quarried from the banks of the Potomac. These support capitals of white Italian marble, and rest on bases of free-stone. A dome of remarkable beauty springs from them, painted to represent the Pantheon at Rome. This was done by Bonani, a young Italian artist who died a few years since. An immense chandelier of gilt bronze hangs from the centre. The Speaker's chair is placed under a canopy. Above it is a colossal figure of Liberty, and on the entablature beneath the figure, the American Eagle. Facing the chair, on the other side, is a fine statue of marble, representing History. Red moreen hangs fringed and festooned between the columns. A full length portrait of La Fayette completes the decoration of the Hall.

The Senate Chamber has the same form. Its greatest length is seventy-five feet, its height forty-five. A gallery extends nearly round supported by Ionic columns of Potomac marble, with capitals in imitation of those of Minerva Polias. The dome is ornamented with caissons of stucco, and the walls with drapery of straw-color between pilasters of marble.

Beneath the Rotundo is what has been denominated a Crypt, supporting the floor above by forty columes. On the same level is the apartment used



by the Supreme Court of the United States. The ceiling of this room which is somewhat peculiar, is supported by massy Doric columns in imitation of those in the temples of Pæstum. There is a concentration of golden rays immediately over the head of the Chief Justice. Three marble figures adorn the East front --- the Genius of America, Hope, and Justice. In front of the Capitol, on the West side, is a noble monument erected to the memory of the American officers who fell in the Tripolitan war. It was wrought in Italy and is contained within an oblong marble vase. The ascent to the top of the Dome is rather fatiguing, but one is sufficiently repaid by the view. The grounds about the Capitol --- Pennsylvania Avenue --- the President's House --- the apparently distinct villages of the city --- Columbian College --- the Navy Yard --- Greenleaf's Point --- the National Burying Ground --- the Potomac and the Bridge thereon --- Georgetown --- Mt. Vernon, &c. all lie around you. — So much for Washington and its environs. As Congress was not in session and the Sabbath had passed, I have nothing to say on politics or religion. The next day I parted from my friends and stepped aboard a steamboat to descend the Potomac on my way to Virginia.

## CHAPTER IV.

*Fredericksburg. The Coachman a Slave-holder. Conversation on Slavery. Richmond --- Character of the Inhabitants. Thoughts and Feelings. Shockoe Hill. Monumental Church. Promenade on the banks of James River. April in Virginia. Jewish Family. Wrecks on Chesapeake.*

THE view of Mt. Vernon from the river was surpassingly beautiful. At Potomac Creek, forty-five miles from Washington, my steamboat passage was at an end, and I was under the necessity of transferring myself to the stage-coach. Nine miles brought me to Fredericksburg, a town situated on the South side of the Rappahannock river. It contains several thousand inhabitants. The chief object of interest in the place is a touching monument to the mother of Washington.

From F\*\* to Richmond is some over an hundred miles. The several points on the route are Vileboro', Bowling-Green, Matapony river, White Chimneys, Hanover Court House, and Chickahomany River.

Out of Fredericksburg I took a seat upon the stage box and ventured to converse with the driver, who was a slave-holder, upon the subject of slavery. I found him as willing to be free in speech as myself. In the course of conversation he testified to the truth of what many seem disposed to doubt at the present day — that many of the slave-holders are very hard masters. He told me that some fed

their slaves upon nothing but salt-fish and bread, and dealt out to them on Saturday night their allowance for a week that; they let them have nothing but straw to sleep on, and worked them from day-light until sun-down and after --- a long day in mid-summer. --- Indeed we passed them in the fields --- women as well as men --- planting and plowing long after sunset. The women however prefer field-work to house-work. — My informant remarked, they are clothed in rags, their mode of living gives them a sort of scurvy and enfeebles them, and this cause with incessant labor brings on premature decay. This is the treatment of some masters. Others, he said, fed them well, clothed them well, and worked them no more than they could bear. They saw that it was for their interest to treat them well. They took good care of them as they would of their horses. For himself he fed his negroes on bread and bacon and clothed them with stuff similar to what he wore himself, though a trifle coarser, and gave them three suits yearly. When we arrived at his house — where the stage-passengers usually dined — I took the opportunity to examine his negroes somewhat attentively, but did not find them so well clothed as he represented.

He informed me moreover that the value of a good negro was treble that of a good horse — that there was much promiscuous intercourse among the slaves, though a form of marriage was often used and pronounced over them by the master or over-

seer — that if a negro was detected in theft, he was lashed or branded in the hand, and the iron pressed in until he repeated ‘ God save the Commonwealth ’ three times — and if one killed another, he was tried and hung, and the owner indemnified by the State. Hanging, said he, was too good for Nat Turner. He ought to have been cut to pieces. I asked him if he thought it probable that the negroes of Fredericksburg ever heard of the insurrection and its consequences. He said, No.

This driver, whose fame as an upright and honorable man had extended the country round, at his inn or plantation resigned his honors to some one else, and I took a seat inside the coach. Here I had some talk with a young Virginian on the same subject. The following are some of his observations. Good slaves are worth six or seven hundred dollars. They are dog cheap at three or four hundred dollars. Those most highly valued are from sixteen to twenty-five years of age. A handsome negress will sell for two or three thousand dollars. — Negroes in Philadelphia are astonishingly impudent. Johnny Randolph’s slaves (he had three hundred) were exceedingly polite — the finest of gentlemen. — Negro-dealer, heretofore a term of reproach, is now becoming more respectable. Many young men make their fortunes in this kind of trade. — The Virginians would get rid of slavery if they knew how. They see its evil effects.

The coach rattled through the streets of Rich-

mond at twelve o'clock at night — the passengers from Washington having been on the route since six in the morning. It was now more than three weeks since I left Boston and the whole expense of my journey was less than sixty dollars. My fatigue was so great the morning after my arrival that my slumber was not broken until after ten o'clock, and breakfast was served up at the very fashionable hour of eleven. Slaves had been in my room early in the morning. Slaves waited upon me at table. Slaves had cooked and prepared all — and all scented and tasted of slavery. I could drink nothing — could eat nothing. Slavery became to me the all absorbing idea. It was my meat and drink for days. It occasioned me much anxiety and distress of mind. Richmond is a city of twenty thousand inhabitants and half of them are slaves. They are with you in the house and by the way — in the chamber — the dining room — the market — the shop — the street — at morning and evening — at all times. They do every thing for you. They are ever at your elbow. They are like the frogs of Egypt: you cannot escape them.

Richmond is a peculiar city. There is little to remind one of N. England. People think differently — feel differently — talk differently — pronounce differently — sing differently — look differently — dress differently — live differently — do differently. I mean no disparagement to the Virginians. Their ways may be as good as ours. Certain it is that in many

respects they excel us. The mule-teams in the street driven by noisy and cruel masters (slaves!!) have altogether a strange aspect. Indeed one could not feel himself farther from home if he had crossed the Atlantic and was truly in a foreign land. There are churches, and the Sabbath is observed; but they are not New England churches, and the Sabbath is not observed as in New England. The Thanksgivings and Fasts of New England are not there. The morality and sanctity of New England are not there. Slavery rests like a great curse upon them. It is the worst of all evils. Of this it is true that many of the Virginians are aware and deprecate the same.—You sit at table. You are surprised the family is not poisoned by those who have the power in their hands. You are in the street. You think it strange that lusty mule-driver is driven by his brothers in the flesh. You walk along the banks of the canal. You can hardly believe that hard-fisted, brawny-muscled man, forcing along that boat-load of merchandize, is not free. After service on the Sabbath you pass the African Church. A multitude is pouring out and has already covered the pavement, a dense and mighty mass. You wonder that so many fine athletic frames are not animated by daring spirits, that they do not rise in vengeance and strike a desperate blow for their liberties. On a holiday (they have many in the course of a year) you see them standing by scores at the corners of the streets, and hear the loud laugh of



jolity resound from far and near. You cannot persuade yourself that such happy beings are not their own masters — that they are the property of others, bought and sold like sheep in the shambles. You go to the capitol. An armed sentinel treads its floor. He is there night and day. When he is asleep, the city sleeps not safely. He is the watchman, but not of freedom. He is the eye of jealousy — the arm of power — the keeper of the bondman. You go to the market place. You see the fruits of long years of degradation and oppression in the ragged, decrepit, broken, unmanned, half-embruted, and miserable objects that greet you on every side. Whether the number would be diminished if slavery were no more, many wise men question. You wind your way to the neighboring hill. You tread that hallowed spot of graves. You enter that simple rustic church where the eloquence of Patrick Henry was first enkindled and burned bright with the flame of freedom, and can hardly realize that the chains of slavery still clank around, and the air of freedom is wafted only to the white man's breast. You may not be an abolitionist. It is unnecessary you should be in order to the rise of such thoughts and feelings.

Richmond is situated on the northern bank of the James river. The land rises gradually to a considerable elevation from the river, and on what is called Shockoe hill, which is the highest point, lies much of the Town. The principal buildings on this site are the Court-House, the Powhatan House

(an extensive public boarding-house), the Capitol, and the Monumental Church erected on the spot where the theatre was burnt. Ninety individuals were consumed in the flames, and to the memory of their unhappy fate a monument stands in the vestibule of the Church. From the Capitol the view of the city reposing beneath your feet, of the James river, and the country in the vicinity is highly picturesque. Richmond is at the head of tide water, near the lower falls of the river, and one hundred and fifty miles from its outlet into the Chesapeake. The wide promenade along the banks of the James, embowered in trees, with the clear water of the canal enlivened by sounds of merchandize on one side, and the romantic falls of the James fifty or a hundred feet below you and extending for miles on the other, has no equal to my knowledge in the Northern States. Beyond the canal you look into the depth of a wild and boundless forest. Beyond the river your eye rests upon the houses of Manchester, a town of some magnitude, or ranges over the partially cultivated country. It was early in April when I was in Richmond. In Boston and the vicinity the East winds blew cold, and tore your lungs to tatters — every body was wrapped up in flannel and woollen — the fields were cheerless and the trees bare. On the contrary in R. the temperature was warm and the breezes bland — flannel and woollen were thrown aside for the light garments of summer — the fields were green and the

trees leafed out, and their abundant blossoming filled the air with delicious fragrance.

The church of our denomination is a small brick edifice, similar in construction and external appearance to the Jewish Synagogue, which is but little distant also in the same street.—It was my good fortune to have letters to a Jewish family in the city. What was my surprize, when ushered into their dwelling, to behold a portrait of the Rev. Dr. Channing. I saw much of them and received expressions and proofs of kindness which it will never, I fear, be in my power to repay. In partial justice to them, I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of saying that it is not often one's lot to meet persons of such intelligence, sensibility, refinement, hospitality and genuine *Christian* feelings. They receive attention from the first circles of the city, visit on the most friendly terms with Episcopalians, Presbyterians, &c. and are very much respected and beloved. In about ten days I left Richmond in the river-steamboat. The sail to Norfolk affords much variety and is extremely pleasant. You pass many fine old seats of the Virginia planters — Jamestown where the English first settled — the Rip Raps of Presidential memory &c. The night we were on the Chesapeake there was a violent gale, and the next morning we passed two wrecked vessels that had been blown over with their sails set. Our Capt. assured us that all board must have inevitably perished. We passed within a few feet of them and it

was a most distressing spectacle. There was the silence of death upon the waters. Sadness pressed upon every heart, and was visible upon every brow.

\* \* Thou deep and dark blue ocean \* \*

—— Upon the watery plain

The wrecks are all thy seeds, nor doth remain

A shadow of man's ravage save his own,

When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,

He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,

Without a grave, unknell'd uncoffin'd, and unknown.

The afternoon of the same day I reached Baltimore, having been two days and a night on the passage. In a few days in Boston again.

## DOWN EAST AGAIN.

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*Ellsworth — Character of the Inhabitants. Religious Condition. Our place of Worship. Progress. Lyceum. Odd Events.*

NINE months in the East again. *Ellsworth* was the sphere of my ministerial labors. This town is twenty-four miles south-east of Bangor, and pleasantly situated on either bank of Union river. I have heard it called by a traveller the handsomest town on the shore road from Halifax to Boston. All towns much larger must not be brought into the comparison. *Ellsworth* is a small town containing no more than fifteen or sixteen hundred inhabitants. Its local situation however will not suffer much compared with that of any of the eastern towns. Along the banks of the rapid river are some bold beetling crags, and a wild woody eminence on which the wigwams of the Penobscot Indians are seen at certain seasons of the year, where it would not be difficult to get up a little romantic sensibility. The view from some parts of the town of the Schoodic hills on the North East, of the broad blue waters of Patten's bay and the Mount Desert Chain on the South, is such as deeply to impress the imagination of the lover of nature.

The village contains about five hundred inhabitants and has an appearance of newness. Out of the

village the town exhibits all the evidences of long settlement. The inhabitants are remarkable for resolution, enterprize, and natural vigor of understanding. Every thing is taken up with warmth ; and almost all subjects, especially trade, politics and religion, give rise to competition—the first two, at times, to bitter jealousy and its evil consequences. The social circle is very good, though small. Several families, some of which are from Massachusetts, have given considerable attention to literary pursuits and would be deemed cultivated any where. The inhabitants generally are something uncouth and do not appreciate what are denominated the humanities of life. Among Eastern towns however E\*. is not alone in this respect. — When I went to E\*. there were two religious Societies in the place, a Baptist and Trinitarian. Liberal Christianity had never been preached, and its character was hardly known. The old minister of the Trinitarian Society (who is now living and is a man of liberal mind and genuine Christian feelings), though not regarded by the Orthodox clergy as perfectly sound in the faith, never was an acknowledged Unitarian. — His successor, who was for some years a preacher to the seamen in Portland, and whose urbanity, intelligence, and social harmony are still among my pleasant recollections, is, I believe, regarded as sound—without blemish and without spot. I do not mean by this that he is bigoted—far from it. He has too much of the milk of hu-



man kindness in him for that. — Being the first to enter the place as the representative of our denomination, I expected to meet with much prejudice and opposition, and was told that such would be the case. To my surprize and very agreeable disappointment it was not so. The only place for worship that could be obtained at the outset was a school-room in the second story of a building near the bridge that crosses Union river. Every thing that passed over the bridge shook the building and pulpit very much and not perceiving the cause at first, I thought it was an earthquake. In a few Sabbaths we obtained the use of the Baptist Church for a little while, and at length removed to the Court House which was to be our permanent place of worship. This was a new building and but partially completed. The Society finished the Court-room, erecting open pews, a very convenient pulpit and and singing-seats, at an expense of five hundred dollars. The larger part of this sum they expected the town would refund. A Sabbath School was formed which flourished very well, and a Benevolent Society among the ladies—which was the means of doing considerable good. A subscription for the erection of a church was started at the expiration of a few months, and an amount of twenty-seven hundred dollars easily obtained.

The Lyceum producing, as is thought, a very favorable influence upon the moral and religious as well as intellectual character of a people, one was

set in motion. There was a debate or lecture every week. It was continued without intermission and without assistance from abroad for a period of four or five months, and with an interest and success hardly to be expected. Let it be recollected there were but five hundred inhabitants in the village. I have little doubt that an abler Senate might have been formed out of the acting members of the Lyceum than that at Augusta.

Neither the audience nor the Sabbath School was large. Perhaps they were as large however as could be expected in a town of this size. Since I left the Society has settled a minister and, I believe, continues to increase and strengthen.

Some odd events. — One warm afternoon in August when our service was held in the Baptist Church, which is situated on an eminence commanding a view of the village and the country beyond, a somewhat singular event occurred. The windows of the church were thrown up and the door spread wide to admit the fresh airs of heaven. It was a lovely season. The winds were asleep. The birds were chanting on the trees, and all was fair and tranquil as if “the bridal of the earth and sky.” The sermon was finished and the last hymn had just been given out, when during that dead pause which precedes the swelling forth of the music of the choir, a tall young man, in his shirt-sleeves, entered the church in a calm and dignified manner, and marched up the broad-aisle. I presumed that, whoever he

was, he would take a seat in one of the pews. But no! his mission seemed to be onward. I heard his footsteps on the pulpit stairs, and in a moment or two he presented himself before me. He reached out his hand — I gave him mine. He shook it and asked me how I did, then took a seat on the cushion close beside me. All eyes were turned in amazement towards the pulpit. It was natural I should be a little astonished. Though unable to comprehend the purpose of this unexpected visiter and hardly knowing what to do, I was not disconcerted. I turned towards him and gave him a sharp look to read, if possible, his intent in the expression of his countenance. He appeared perfectly at home and was taking a leisurely survey of the audience and choir. I said to him with some firmness, implying no great satisfaction with his presence in the pulpit, ‘Had n’t you better, sir, take a seat in a pew below?’ He looked at me for a moment — rose — bowed — descended the stairs, and went into the first wall pew. He remained there quiet through the service and also the exercises of the Sabbath School, and then left the house. I was somewhat curious to find out who he was and what he intended by such sort of conduct, and learned that he was a stranger — an unfortunate young man — actuated by no evil purpose, nay, much to be commiserated. Some time before this event, he accidentally ran something into his foot, which severed some of the cords, and ever since he had been sub-

ject to periodical fits of derangement. In one of these he had strayed away from home, and passing by the open church door and every thing within inviting him, he entered without ceremony and made for the pulpit to form acquaintance with the preacher and have a fair view of the audience.

At another time, while preaching an extemporaneous sermon upon the wisdom and goodness of God as manifested in the laws and arrangements of the Universe, the door of our place of worship was thrown open, and in rolled a seaman dressed in the insignia of his craft, the tarpaulin hat and pea-jacket. He came in with a nonchalant air and a curse-me-if-I-care sort of manner, threw his tarpaulin upon the seat near the door, and dropped down himself. As soon as he entered I perceived that he was the worse for something that had found its way to his stomach and thence to his brain, and somewhat feared he might disturb me in the train of my thoughts, especially as I had nothing to rely upon but a few notes. The noise he made was considerable, and I paused until he was quietly seated, and then went on. Whatever relates to the heavenly bodies — those guiding-lights upon the watery waste — is apt to interest the way-farer of the deep. I noticed that the seaman's attention was engaged. In a short time his elbows dropped upon his knees, his face upon his hands, and he fixed upon me a pair of the keenest black eyes. In the course of my remarks the subject of the moon's distance, phases, magnitude,

time of revolution, and force of gravitation was introduced. There was an open space in front of the seat where he sat, making him quite conspicuous. All of a sudden he rose up, seized his tarpaulin, clapped it upon his head, extended his arms to their full length and shouted to the top of his lungs, — ‘Ship-mates — a lunar observation!’ — I gave way to him and sat down. He was evidently about to proceed, but the audience did not seem disposed to hear him out, and two of them seized him in the height of his celestial enthusiasm, and led him outside the door. It was quite clear they considered him something of a *lunatic*, and wished him to finish his *lunary* in a more suitable place. The floor being left to me, I took up the thread of my discourse. The seaman was quite indignant at this, as he conceived, uncourteous treatment and in a moment or two came back. It was thought best to remove him again and lock the door. He tried it several times without success, then took a turn round the house, muttering to himself in hot passion. At length some individuals went out and coaxed him down the hill into the centre of the village.—Thus ended this curious adventure. The next day a little of his history was found out. He proved to be a ship-wrecked mariner on his way to the West. Passing through town on the Sabbath he had deposited some of his pittance at a bar-room or tippling-shop, and, in sad plight in consequence, had stroll

ed up to the house of Him who cannot look upon sin but with displeasure.

The incident of the seaman reminds me of another which occurred in a neighboring town. I was preaching a sermon the object of which was to give a general view of our faith — to set in as clear a light as possible what Liberal Christians believe and what they do not believe. In the midst of my remarks the stillness of the house was suddenly broken by a deep and awful groan. It penetrated to the very bottom of my heart. Whence it came, by whom it was uttered, and for what purpose, if voluntary, were to me mysterious. It occurred to me shortly that there might be some Methodist, Baptist, Hopkinsian, or hot-headed partisan present, who was shocked at the simplicity and beauty of Liberal Christianity, and could not but give vent to a horrific groan, such as might come up from the tortured bosoms of the lost. It aroused my spirits. The truth, thought I, ought to be spoken boldly and I was resolved not to be daunted. On I proceeded in a louder and deeper tone, and the latter half of the discourse was delivered with doubly increased life and vigor. After service it was natural for me to inquire out the author of this novel interruption and the meaning thereof. The explanation was a little different from what I expected and was somewhat amusing. There proved to be a member of the society, a rugged worker in iron, subject to uncontrollable fits of *gaping*. These were accompanied



by deep groans of less or greater length, as the case might be. It was not the first time the audience had been greeted therewith, and they had got in a measure accustomed to them. It seemed to me a wise suggestion, which I offered partly from a benevolent feeling towards other clergymen, that the *gaper* be requested to take his seat hereafter next the door, that when he perceived his mouth stretching wide, he might seize his hat and run for his life.

Perhaps I shall be excused for mentioning another circumstance, though of a trifling nature, which occurred in Hancock, a town but few miles distant from Ellsworth. I had been invited to preach an evening lecture at this place. It was mid-winter. I rode out in a sleigh and put up (for the night) at the house of a plain farmer of the old school, who had carried the mail in this part of the country on foot or horseback for many years. I was surprized to learn he was the brother of G. L. Esq., recently Mayor of the city of N. York and a remarkable instance of one, who from the lowest walks of life has risen to wealth and distinction. The old farmer told me he had not seen his brother, until recently, for forty years. But to return to the service. It was held in a school-house a mile or more distant. We rode to it and found it to be a room in the back part of a dwelling-house. The audience after a while assembled and the time for the lecture arrived. I was ushered into the apartment. There was but a single light and that a tallow can-

dle. Only in the vicinity of this, which stood upon a desk near the fire-place, was the darkness made visible. How far the apartment extended back, or how much of an audience I had, I knew not. I could see but the front line, consisting of men, women, and children. To use the flickering flame to the best advantage, I took my station in front of the desk and commenced the service. All went on tolerably until I got a little into my sermon. By this time the sooty wick had become unconscionably long, and the darkness of the room began to be invisible. There were no snuffers. The crisis was at hand and something must be done without delay. *So I called upon the audience for snuffers.* After some bustle they were produced. I snuffed the candle and went on. I had not proceeded far when one of the children got loose from its mother's arms, ran up to me, seized me by the knees and, raising itself on tip-toe, looked me earnestly in the face, as much as to say, 'Do take me — do take me.' It was no time to play with children, so on I preached with as much composure as I could. The child continued playing about me for some time, unmolested by mother, myself, or any part of the audience, and at length tottered back whence it came. After the lecture I was informed that the number of my hearers was about sixty, and that many who had never heard one of our denomination preach, had come a distance of several miles,

*‘ Watch therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.’*

Perhaps the reader may be willing by this time to turn from incidents of an amusing to one of a serious character.

The changes of the world and the uncertainty of life have ever been themes of solemn declamation and warning. Reposing on the lap of prosperity and buoyed up by the joyous spirit of health it is difficult for us to realize these unquestioned and unquestionable truths. We are told that we know not what a day may bring forth, and yet we lay our plans and anticipate such and such issues almost with certainty. The events of every day are, as it were, mapped out before our vision, and we feel very much as if we had the determination and arrangement of all things in our hands. We seem to be unaware that all changes and events are under the direction of superior intelligence, that our own times are at the disposal of him who called us into existence.

We are very likely to say to ourselves the following, or something similar : ‘ To-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city and continue there a year and buy and sell and get gain ;’ whereas, in the language of the apostle, ‘ we know not what shall be on the morrow, for what is our life ? It is even a vapor.’ We should, as the apostle would have us, recognize the providence of God. We should bear in mind that life is uncertain and that we can-

not count with any assurance upon a succession of years, or months, or even days. This should be the language of our lips — ‘ If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this, or that.’

These thoughts have been suggested to my mind by an event of melancholy interest.

The circumstances were of that nature that I cannot but feel myself justified in alluding to them in a public manner. It is not however my intention to flatter the deceased, or even to discuss the elements of his character, but to contemplate the manner of his death and indulge in those reflections which naturally arise. If those who read derive any spiritual benefit from the contemplation of this event, the purpose for which it is introduced will be answered. I trust the privilege will be granted me of a somewhat minute narration.

On Saturday, 14th October, 1837, I went to Scituate. The clergyman of the Parish being absent with his family on a visit to Connecticut, accommodations were provided for me at the residence of Dr. Otis, the principal physician of the place. Some years previous I had been at his house, and of course did not feel myself to be a perfect stranger. He received me in that cordial and hospitable manner for which he was distinguished. He had been indisposed for a few days from a disorder common to the season, but now considered himself as about recovered. This disorder was altogether independent of that which so sud-

denly brought him to his end. His countenance indicated health and the enjoyment of life. I remarked to him, in the course of the conversation that his aspect was that of one who had been favored with good health. 'Yes,' said he, 'I have been highly favored, and I ought to be grateful. Since I commenced the practice of physic — which is forty-five years — I have never been prevented by indisposition from visiting my patients day and night. I have never been really sick.' 'Very remarkable indeed,' I replied. 'You have been truly favored.' He further observed, 'I have been in the practice so long I have got tired of it. It is no object to me, and if I find my health at all affected hereafter, I shall give up the most of my business.' He retired for the night in good season, and early in the morning was called to visit a patient. He went, and seemed to be perfectly well when he returned, and continued so through the day. During the evening he was in uncommonly good spirits, conversed with great freedom on a variety of subjects, and was alternately playful and serious. In the course of the evening he had much to say about the old English worthies in literature, and sent his daughter for a copy of Goldsmith's essays and poems. He read aloud to me the 'Retaliation', in which are contained the portraits of various literary characters of distinction. He read with peculiar interest, and re-read the descriptions of the character of Burke, Richard Cumberland, David Garrick, Sir Joshua

Reynolds, and Dr. Douglas. He finished by a recitation of the poetical epistle to Lord Clare on the reception from him of a haunch of venison. This piece is somewhat humorous and satirical. He read in a loud tone and with great zest. In reading he was obliged to assume different characters, and his voice admitting of much variety and compass, he succeeded to my admiration. Such spirited and correct recitation, and from one who had nearly reached three-score years and ten, was altogether surprizing. The tones of his clear and sonorous voice still ring in my ears. As I gazed at him — all life and action — his clear and spacious brow unwrinkled by care or age — his tall and majestic form, as erect and vigorous as when the airs of youth played around him — I could not but say to myself, here is a man that will withstand the tempests of life for many years. If any are likely to reach a good old age, it is he now before me. His locks are grey, but time will have an opportunity to *whiten* them. It will be years before he wrinkles that cheerful brow, or bends that lofty frame. It will be long before the silver cord is loosed and the golden bowl broken. — He had sent word to one of his neighbors that if he went to Boston in the morning and had time to call, he wished much to see him. At half past nine he retired perfectly well, and awoke perfectly well. He said to his wife, ‘I feel so well that I have a mind to go to Boston to-day.’ Between seven and eight he arose, and as his ward-



robe was nearly completed, he suddenly fell his length upon the floor. It was a fall from which he never arose. The swift dart of death had pierced him through the heart.

He was alone. I was in the room beneath standing by the window and, what is remarkable enough, perusing some of those passages which he had recited so admirably the night before. The fall was heavy. A groan immediately followed and all was still. Of the extent of the calamity I did not dream. --- Perhaps some one had leaped, or fallen from a chair and got hurt a little. In a few minutes the cry of death reached my ears, and the shriek of agony resounded through the apartments. I ascended the stairs to the room above, and there lay that noble form in the arms of women, whose eyes dropt tears of deepest sorrow. The struggle seemed to be over, and the shadows of death to have descended upon him. He spake not. He moved not. His eyes rolled heavy and lustreless in their sockets. We replaced him on his couch. I felt his pulse. It was gone. I placed my hand upon his brow. It was yet warm with life. The vital spark however had flown, and no physician's art could rekindle or recall it.

‘ The agony is o’er ; nature her debt  
Has paid : the earth is covered with a clay  
That once was animate, and even yet  
Is warm with an existence reft away  
By Him who gave. It were but yesterday  
This clay peopled a happy universe

With beings buoyant, beautiful and gay,  
But now, alas !' —————

He lies struck with instantaneous death — the flame of life extinguished before he could 'utter one regret for life — one thought for his family — one prayer to God.' She, but just a widow, falls upon his face and wets it with scalding tears. 'And can it be ? O, that I had come to you a moment sooner ! O, that you could have spoken to me but a word.' But let me not trespass upon private sorrow. The sad tidings ran through the village, and friend and neighbor came, one after another, to the house of mourning. The universal salutation, 'how sudden ! how awful !' The universal sentiment, 'A skillful healer of disease — a rescuer of his fellow-men from death — a man of opulence and distinguished for his public career — an ardent friend to religion — a father of the town has been struck from existence, as it were, by fire from Heaven. A great man has fallen this day in Israel. To him may be applied with peculiar appropriateness and truth these lines from a hymn to death by one of our most spiritual poets. They seem to be written for his epitaph.

Oh, cut off

Untimely ! when thy reason in its strength,  
Ripened by years of toil and studious search,  
And watch of nature's silent lessons, taught  
Thy hand to practice best the lenient art !

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Tears were in unyielding eyes

And on hard cheeks, and they who deemed thy skill  
Delayed their death-hour, shuddered and turned pale  
When thou wert gone.

We know not what shall be on the morrow ; for what is our life ? It is a vapor which appeareth for a little time then vanisheth away. Little did I think to be called to witness so dark a picture in human life, to pass through so sad an experience when I left my residence. I hope however I brought back a lesson both for myself and others. Reader, trust not tomorrow. You know not what tomorrow may bring forth. Be not over-anxious for the things of this life. You may not live to enjoy them. This night thy soul may be required of thee. Prepare for death while in life, for in life you are in the midst of death. ' Be wise to-day — 'tis madness to defer.' *Now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation.

## NORTH RIVER.

*West Point. Hyde Park. Catskill Mountains. Alligators, so called. Athens. Hudson. Kinderhook. Albany. Saratoga Springs. Over the Mountains home.*

THE latter part of the summer of — in company with a friend I took a trip to New York, up the North River to Saratoga Springs, and over the Green Mountains home. On the river Weehawken, where General Hamilton received his death-wound — the Palisadoes with Fort Lee perched upon their summit — Tappan and Haverstraw Bay, with their romantic associations — the sublime scenery of the Highlands and West Point — that impregnable fortress — the scene of Arnold's conspiracy — all, it is needless to say, excited in us the deepest interest. West Point, where we made our first stop, is so well known and has been so well described that it would be presumptuous in me to attempt anything more than an allusion to its various objects of attraction. These are (to say nought of the splendid Hotel — the various Government buildings and the wild picturesque scenery) the famous garden, or retreat of Kosciusko — the marble monument erected to his memory ; one of the chastest in America — a monument to the memory of Colonel Wood who was killed while heading a charge at the sortie from Fort Erie — another to

that of a certain cadet who was killed while breasting a cannon on the Green—and Fort Putnam towering above you near six hundred feet. I ought not to forget the morning and evening Parade — their illuminated camps at night, and the soul-stirring music of the U. States band. Thirty cadets are on guard in the day and ten at night. They are relieved every two hours at night, and, if they sleep on guard, are expelled. They are on camp duty two months of the year and the remaining ten are stationed in the Barracks. These are large brick buildings, like our Colleges which are guarded as well as the camps. Each Cadet is an expense to Government of three hundred and thirty-six dollars yearly. Two hundred and fifty of them are admitted at a time at an expense of \$84,000.

We left West Point casting a lingering look behind. The hills known by the poetical appellations of Bull's Head — Break-Neck — Crows' Nest—and Butter's Hill soon look down upon us on either shore. Thirty miles from W\*.P\*. Hyde Park, on the East side of the river, breaks upon the view of a place never to be forgotten — with its swells of living green, its superb array of trees, and its princely dwellings. In about two hours we reached the foot of the Catskil Mountains. The highest of these Mountains is from three to four thousand feet in height. We rode, or rather walked and rode from the village to Pine Orchard — a distance of some twelve miles. In this are included the

three miles of ascent from the base to the summit of the mountain, for Pine Orchard is on the summit. Half way up we stopped at a shanty to quench our thirst with the cool water of a spring. Here my eye caught the following inscription ;

Rip Van Winkle will frankly own,  
That drinking water all alone,  
Although it makes folks comfortable,  
Is not to him so profitable,  
And hopes those who for conscience sake  
A drop of liquor dare not take,  
Who stop for water as they pass,  
Will pay the pay the boy who brings the glass.

On the summit there is extensive Hotel erected at great expense by an incorporated company. It is twenty two hundred feet above the level of the Hudson. It is enough for me to say of the prospect from this spot, as it has been often described, that in extent and variety it hardly has its equal in the country. The Falls, which impart to this place its chief interest, are two miles from the Hotel. There are two, one directly beneath the other. The first is one hundred and seventy-five feet — the second eighty-five — making in reality one of two hundred and sixty feet. The Platform between the Falls is wide, allowing a person to pass underneath, back of the second fall, no less than seventy feet. The guide informed us that to the lowest point of the bed of the river it was three hundred and ten feet. It will be recollected that Niagara measures but 164 feet on the American side and no



more than 158 on the English. However the quantity of water at Catskil is comparatively small. The peculiar character of the Falls — the wild, rocky, and almost bottomless ravine into which the waters descend and disappear — and the striking amphitheatre of woody hills, which seems intended as a guard them against intrusion, render them an object of no common attraction to the man of cultivated taste and poetic imagination.

On our way to them through the forests we captured two harmless gold-spotted lizards — alligators, as my friend called them. Not doubting they were as dangerous to handle as the alligators of the Mississippi, we approached them with singular caution. We took them captive by a process that deserves notice. We procured a long straw, tied a loop in the middle, and each holding an end, approached the little innocent creatures with a wariness truly laughable. We placed the loop before one of them. Slowly he moved himself along and at length, as we watched him with intensest gaze, he put his head within. We pulled stoutly. The poor thing breathed but a moment and all was over. In this manner we triumphantly secured both the formidable beasts. It was a bold and perilous adventure. The world will not be witness to the like again. — But adieu to Mountains, Falls, and Alligators.

The next morning we descended and took the boat for Albany. Athens and Hudson are the only places of any interest along the banks of the river

between W\*. P\*. and Albany. Athens is a small town, but attracts the eye by several beautiful country seats. Hudson is a city, and contained in 1830 more than five thousand inhabitants. It is very favorably situated for manufactories and has many erected on the creeks in the vicinity. Kinderhook, the birth-place or residence of the President of the U. S., is a few miles above Hudson.

At Albany.—When the boat came along-side the wharf we nearly lost ourselves, as well as bag and baggage, amidst the crowd of porters, coachmen, bystanders, and passengers. However we succeeded at length in reaching the Mansion House where we were well served and well pleased. Albany is a city, not much ‘liked of’ as the country people say, by strangers, notwithstanding it won amazingly upon our good graces, and in a short time. We were so fortunate as to meet with many pleasant people—not travelling gentry, but inhabitants of the place — some of honest Dutch lineage. Then the State House, the City Hall, the noble Seminary, the Basin, the multitude of large and comfortable Hotels, the Museum, the Mineral Spring, the old Dutch structure, with its bull-dog knocker, where La Fayette was quartered in the revolution the bustle of business and of pleasure — these contributed to awaken feelings of interest. Then too it was delightful weather. The sun shone bright, but not sultry, and all went merry as a marriage bell.

On the road to Troy (which is perhaps the best

in the States) we were pleased with the appearance of Gen. Van Rensselaer's mansion and the United States' Arsenal.

Troy. --- A fine city. Few have the preference according to my taste. I wish I had room to say more.

Saratoga Springs. --- At the United States Hotel. Crowded. No less than two hundred names on the books. All calling themselves fashionable, or anxious to be so called. Of the sick I say nothing, for I have no recollection of seeing any. The country in the vicinity is poor and dreary. Though it is well enough to visit Saratoga for once, to taste the waters of the Springs and see the various sorts of people in this world, it is in itself a dull place, and one must be on the wing, soon or that imp of the evil spirit --- ennui --- will have hold of him. High Rock Spring is a great curiosity. Congress-water is bottled at the rate of twenty-five gross a week and sent to all parts of the Union and into foreign countries. At the time I was in S\*. it was sold at \$1,75 by the dozen.

We returned over the Mountains home ; and a more fatiguing jaunt I have never taken. Some of the towns we passed through were Schuylersville, Arcansaw, Cambridge, Salem, Arlington, Sunderland, Manchester, Winhall, Peru, Londonderry, Weston, Andover, Chester, Bellows' Falls, &c. --- It seems from the names of the towns as if Massachusetts had been transplanted to Vermont.

## WESTWARD.

*Meadville. An adventure in the wilderness. A log cabin. An honest Dutchman. Bats in the attic. My sleeping room. Novel breakfast. A stage load. Distinguished honor. Dutch wisdom, curiosity, and perseverance. An awkward sow. The Moral of the Tale. Pittsburg. Allegany Mountains. Tornads. Bedford Springs. Fredericktown.*

ON a second trip up the Hudson, in company with a friend, I left Albany for the Falls of Niagara. It would be useless for me to say anything of Schenectady, Utica, Trenton-Falls, the Montezuma Marshes, Geneva, Canandaigua, Rochester, still more of the great, wonder of the world, for the reason I have given heretofore, that they have been described many times and infinitely better than is in my power. It is sufficient to say that no one who can muster the wherewithal to visit them, should stay at home. From the Falls we went to Buffalo and there took steamboat on Lake Erie for the town of Erie. Thence we proceeded to Meadville --- where we passed the Sabbath. Here we found an old acquaintance and friend a member of the same profession with ourselves --- one who had been an associate in Theological studies --- wasted to a skeleton by the fever of the country and laid upon the bed of his last sickness. It was but a few weeks

before that we had seen him in Cambridge in good health. At the first glance I perceived the seal of death upon his countenance, and not long after we bade him a final and heart-rending adieu, we received the tidings of his departure, I trust, to a better and happier world.\* On our way from Meadville to Pittsburg is laid the scene of an occurrence which I shall relate if it is in my power. We left Mercer (I think it was) in the stage for P\* early in the evening after we had taken supper. It was cloudy and dark, and the roads were in a desperately bad state. At first we hesitated about starting, and for myself I regretted afterwards that we did. The driver told us he should have his lanterns lighted and assured us we should go on safely. We found the roads, if anything, worse than we expected. The blackest pall of night gradually descended upon us, and what was not the least evil of all, the lights for some reason or other went out. The peril was such that the horses could not proceed faster than a walk. The driver stopped once or twice to light up, but did not succeed. There was no probability of our getting ahead more than twenty miles if we travelled all night. As to sleep, or anything different from a state of perpetual anxiety, it was out of the question, at least, as regarded myself. My companion was one not subject to agita-

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\* My companion, sad to tell, has since followed him. He died within a short time, in the West Indies, whither he had gone seeking health.

tion or alarm, and could sleep soundly, if need were, on the top-gallant yards of a main-mast. He was for going on -- I was 'clean the contrary.' However we agreed to disagree. He was to have his way, I mine ; but we engaged to meet again at Pittsburg. The driver was requested to leave me on the way, wherever there was a chance of my being taken care of for the night. After poking through the dark for a few miles and pitching into numberless mud-holes, he came to a halt and informed me that we had reached a place for the wayfarer. 'What sort of a place?' I asked. 'A log cabin.' 'Who lives in it? an honest man?' 'Yes, a right honest Dutchman.' 'Well, you must rouse him and let him know what's coming.' It was late and the Dutchman--wife, children and all--was a-bed. The door was, as usual, unfastened. The driver entered without knocking and notified my host. He was up in a trice and was looking about for his pantaloons. 'No matter for them,' exclaimed my pioneer who was in somewhat of a hurry. Luckily they were found, and soon issued forth the dapper man in his pants of grey. He greeted me with such an open, downright manner that I felt all confidence in him at once, though in the depths of the forest and miles from any other human dwelling. I expressed some anxiety that my baggage should be out of harm's way. He said he would take it into his own sleeping-room and there it would be safe. I told him I was tired and wished to go to bed im-



mediately. He took a bit of candle to light me. And where do you think he lighted me? Up the rounds of a tottlish ladder into the loft of his cabin. As he was leading the way to my resting place, a large bat flew by within a few inches of my face. 'What!' I exclaimed, 'do you have bats here?' 'Yes,' said he, 'a plenty. But we never mind them.' 'Don't mind them? Well, if *you* don't mind them, there is no reason why *I* should.' There was just light enough from his candle to perceive that there was no window and that there was another bed close to mine with somebody in it. Said I, 'You have got some personage here within arm's length of me. I should like to know who it is, as I am not in the habit of sleeping where there are strangers.' 'O,' said he, 'that's one of my sons. You need have no fears of him. I'll bail ye for him --- he is an honest fellow.' 'But you have no windows here -- I never shall know when to get up.' 'We can rouse ye,' he replied. In a short time my host left me and I found my way after some effort between the sheets which felt about as soft as crash-towel. Notwithstanding this inconvenience I slept soundly. When I awoke the next morning, my room-mate had disappeared. It was late, as I expected it would be. I might have slept all day, had it not been for wide cracks between boards nailed over an opening at the head of my bed. I bestirred myself, and when apparelled thought it would be well to take a view of the premises before leaving them.

The loft seemed to be the place of deposit for all valuables --- the Dutchman's bank. Here was a pile of one sort of grain --- there of another. Here was wool carded and uncarded --- there was an old spinning wheel, &c. There was variety enough to remind one of a 'Fair.' As soon as I had dropped myself down all eyes were fixed upon me. My host and wife, with their bevy of bare-footed children, girls and boys, stared at me with the most insatiate curiosity. To meet their gaze required more of a face of brass than I happened to be blessed with. The plague of it was --- a young man in black, with spectacles on nose, and all. My first object was to to ascertain if there was a prospect of my getting a conveyance towards P\*. I inquired of my landlord. He did not know of any. 'Can't I get a horse and wagon somewhere about?' 'I have no neighbors,' said he ; 'there is no house within six miles.' 'Perhaps you can help me on a piece.' 'I don't see how I can. It is a very busy time with me. My horse I use every day on my land.' 'But I must go on in some way. As for stopping here all day and taking the stage at night, I cannot think of it. As like as not I should be in no better predicament than I was last night. You must carry me on if you possibly can. You shall be no loser.' He thought awhile. At length he said, 'I am willing to take you on to a certain village --- twenty-four miles distant --- for so much.' 'Very well,' said I, 'harness up and let us be off, for I am in haste.

But before I start I must have something to eat.' 'Yes,' said he, 'I suppose you will want *baiting*.' My meal was soon on the table. It was a perfect unique. Read with care, ye who fare sumptuously! A decoction of something, I know not what, called tea; sour bread; no butter; but instead thereof a big pickle, full as big as one's wrist. My landlady, not so comely, took a seat beside me with a leafy twig to keep off the flies. She was one that in the days of witchcraft would have been seized and hung. My appetite was keen and my only alternative was to eat what was before me, or go without. So I made up my mind to it and did the best I could. I should have had no lasting association but of an amusing character with this breakfast in the wilderness, had it not been for the discord that soon sprung up between my stomach and the strange medley there deposited.—All ready for a start. Horse and wagon, or, as they were called, donkey and dearborn at the door. — My landlord, dressed in his best grey suit and broad-brimmed white hat, and equipped with a shining whip-stick and leather thong. On inquiring I found that the harness and wagon-body, which were unpainted, were made by himself and sons. The Dutchman said his wife wished to take passage with us some ten miles to visit her relations. 'Why,' said I, 'my baggage fills one half of the wagon and there is but one seat. Where will you put her?' 'O, I'll fix it right,' he replied. 'I have a board to put in front; that I'll set on my-

self, and you shall have a seat with my wife.' That's a good one, methought. Such a beauty and no jealousy ! My thanks, good man, for such a distinguished favor. Of course I was all attention to my lady, handed her to her seat with great care, and then placed myself beside her. Our coachman was on his box in a few moments and off we drove. My host was much pleased with his new situation, talked much, and with no little jovialty. He seemed to know every body on the road. All had a word for him and he a word for them. 'My name,' said he 'is Sager. Every body knows me I have kept a house of entertainment so long, and they call me everywhere, 'old Sager.' I am known to be honest and dacent.' We stopped after a few miles ride, to water our donkey. 'Well, Sager, you have turned stage-driver, have n't ye ?' shouted some one of his old acquaintance. 'Yes,' says the old man, 'I carries passengers when I can get the right sort.'--- We are on the move again. Very curious and sagacious were his remarks upon religion, medicine, and law. I have ever regretted that I did not put them down word for word. They are a great loss to the world! Here are a few scraps: 'It wont do for all to be rich, or all to be poor. The rich will not ask for favors — the poor cannot confer them.' Speaking of his horse, 'There is no scrupling his goodness.' Of a certain family 'They are dreadful kindly — terrible kindly people.' 'He liked to have friends come and make him *wisits*, but

not to drink.'—'He had lived with his wife twenty-nine years and there had not been twenty hard words between them.'—'No notion of ministers' families not working as well as others.' 'There is one question,' said he, 'that I want to ask you, if you won't be put out.' 'You are at liberty,' said I, 'if it is a proper question.' 'I want to know which profession you belong to?' 'Which do you suppose?' 'A doctor?' 'No, I guess not.' 'Lawyer, then?' 'No, I can't make my mind up to that.' 'I must be a minister then?' 'Yes, I rather think so. You are as good as a Yankee at a guess, my friend. You have hit the nail on the head.' He said he made it a point of conscience to pay five dollars to the minister yearly; that he sent his children to school as much as he possibly could, and made them learn both Dutch and English. Various Dutch pamphlets I remember hung around the walls of his cabin. He told me he was *raised* near Philadelphia, and came into this part of the country poor and with a large family of children; that he planted himself in the forest not far from where he now lived, built him a log hut with but one apartment for his whole family and lived upon dry bread many a day; after a while he removed to a new house and opened it for one of entertainment, and had got along so well in the world that he thought of retiring from business, or giving it up to his son and building himself another house on the opposite side of the road. Much success to you, my honest Dutchman, though I indulge a smile,

After we had proceeded ten miles his wife, to my no small relief and joy, resigned her place and struck across the fields to find her relations. The forward seat was now removed, and the old man and myself became nearer friends. Going down hill his horse, who was rather a careless traveller, occasionally stumbled. ‘My friend,’ said I, ‘you must pull up your horse on these sharp pitches, or he will be down on all fours before you think of it, snapping your thills and harnesss.’ ‘He must look out for himself,’ said the old man, ‘I have as much as I can do to take care of myself.’ About fifteen minutes after, as we were descending a hill, headlong plunged the donkey, coming down on the shaft with his whole weight. I was out in a moment. As soon as the old gentleman got safely out — the process of which consumed no little time — he trotted up to his beast, gave him a ringing slap on the cheek and addressed him thus : ‘You awkward sow, you ! What possessed ye to fall down ?’ We unharnessed the poor thing as quick as possible — got him up, and to our astonishment found he had broken neither harness nor thills. — We put all things to rights in a short time, and, as experience teaches caution, the old man kept him up on his feet through the rest of the journey.

Nothing especially worthy of note happened afterwards. Towards the latter part of the afternoon I reached my destination. ‘Old Sager’ thought he must return part of the way before night-fall, so



I paid him and we parted like old friends — never probably to see each other again. However the old man may rest assured that his good humour — downright sincerity and curious sagacity will ever be a delightful remembrance — an oasis in the desert of life. From this incident I derived more pleasure and real profit than from any that occurred in the whole journey. Ye proud, here learn a lesson of humility, — A log-house in a wilderness is not to be despised.

On my way to Pittsburg one of the wheel-horses of the stage fell on the brow of a hill and was dragged some distance down the gravelly descent goring his side badly. Poor fellow! It could not be prevented. It was one of the inevitable evils of this sublunary sphere.

In Pittsburg—at the Eagle Hotel. Glad to meet again my travelling companion. The wooded and precipitous hills near P\*, the road winding along the banks of the transparent Alleghany, and the silent confluence of the latter with the Monongahela, the multitude of Western and other steamboats lying side by side in goodly array, the enormous wagons drawn by four or six gigantic horses, the coal-pits in the sides of the adjacent hills, and the Babel tongues of every tribe and nation impart to this city a somewhat peculiar character and interest. It is however on the whole a dismal place — a black spot. The cholera had been raging and but a few days before several had died of this disease in the

very house where we took lodgings. We were anxious on this account to leave the city as soon as possible, and the next morning long ere day, took the stage for Bedford Springs situated near the southern line of Pennsylvania. We crossed the highest summit of the Alleghany Mountains at midnight — a thousand stars twinkling brightly over us. The ascent and descent were severally five miles. As soon as we turned the summit, we were whirled at a rapid rate along the brink of precipices hundreds of feet in perpendicular height. It was too perilous and dizzying to look out. Our horses and driver were well trained and we met with no accident. The next morning ere we had left the mountains ‘a storm-blast came raging through the air.’ Such an one can only be witnessed in such a place. The wind was a genuine tornado. It seemed as though it would take the carriage off the wheels. The earth was caught up from the roads in clouds, and tall sturdy forest trees bent like saplings. The rain came down like a river emptied upon us. The lightning filled the heavens with a perfect blaze and the thunder reverberated among the hills with terrific peals. The coachman thought it best to come to a stand as soon as possible, and we found refuge in a traveller’s home of this solitary region until the storm had passed by.

Bedford Springs — a great place of resort. There are not so many hotels, nor are they so spacious as

at Saratoga, but the scenery is wild and romantic, which cannot be said in any sense of the latter place. From the Springs the first place of any note that we reached was Hagerstown. Then came Fred-eric or Frederick-town. Here we spent a part of the Sabbath. It was a sunny day and the blacks in their best attire thronged the streets on their way to church. One waited upon me at the hotel and an elegant fellow he was of some twenty-four years of age and as much of a gentleman as I ever met with. I conceived quite a *penchant* for him and could not but slip a piece of silver into his hand, though told it was prohibited by law. At this place we took the rail-cars, drawn by horses to Baltimore — distant sixty miles—where we arrived safely in about seven hours. From B\*. we steam-boated and rail-cared to Boston. This route has been made familiar. So farewell to thee, reader, until I take a start in some new direction, when I hope for thy company again.

## NEWPORT.

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C\*\*\*, AUGUST, 18—.

DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE been at Newport and spent a little time. It is a lovely place in Summer. There are two very fine beaches — some think — the finest in New England. They are near each other and are beautifully curved, like the arcs of a circle. A rock, designated as the Spouting Rock, is one of some curiosity. The tide-water rushes underneath some distance and through a hole upwards at times spouts to the height of thirty or forty feet. It is a magnificent sight after a storm. While on the Island I made a journey to Paradise and Purgatory, and was highly pleased with them, the latter as well as the former. Paradise is a spot exceedingly romantic — about a mile from one of the shores. A ridge of rock of considerable height extends a half a mile and on one side there is a foot or carriage path running between ranges of trees and completely embowered. I counted two hundred and fifty-two in a line.—Purgatory is a most singular and unaccountable chasm formed in a mountainous rock upon the sea-shore, from eight to ten feet broad, one hundred feet deep, and more than an hundred feet long. It looks as if cut by a sharp and powerful instrument wielded by giants. Into this cavity the sea pours with a voice of thunder. In

such a purgatory one might be washed thoroughly of the pollution of the flesh in a very short time. Fort Adams, where Government has expended a million and a half of dollars, upon a fortification, is well worth a visit. The Jewish Synagogue and Cemetery attract attention ; also a curious relic of antiquity, whose mystery is yet unsolved — a circular structure of stone mason-work built upon several lofty arches. The height thereof may be twenty-five feet. Newport is a place of some ten thousand inhabitants, and has as many or more churches. Dr. Channing has a seat in the central part of the Island. The Dr. most unfortunately was not at home when I called. I however took the liberty of viewing his place. It is a delightful retreat in summer from the heat and dust of the city. The mansion has an air of antiquity. The garden though not extensive, has its attractions, and the fields adjacent are covered with fruit-trees. While on the spot a young deer, as tame as a cosset, came running towards me and played various antics for my amusement. A large and handsome dog of a kindly disposition seemed to have the guardianship of the premises. I could say more, but I have said enough to give you an idea of N\*.

Yours truly.

## POVERTY NOT MISERY.

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A MILE out of the town of N—— crossing from the old to the new Concord road. The walk was rural, being mostly through woods, but unrelieved by any human habitation. At a distance in advance of me I saw two most haggish-looking creatures. Supposing they might be Irish stragglers I did not care to trust myself with them. A few steps ahead I discovered a boy sitting by the way-side with a basket of greens and asked him if those people were town's people, or not. He said they were and lived in the vicinity. So walked on with renewed courage. Upon coming up with them and perceiving they had baskets and some dandelions therein, I accosted them — 'Do you find dandelions plenty?' They replied, 'No — not so many as we expected.' 'Do you gather them to sell?' One of them said, 'I sometimes sell — sometimes not.' The other, 'I never pick but for myself.' Nodding to them I passed on to the summit of the hill before me and there caught sight not far from the roadside of the only tree in blossom, which was extremely beautiful. I stopped until they reached me to make inquiry. 'It is the wild plum-tree.' Before I proceed farther, let me say that my informers were females, from forty to sixty years of age, ragged, soiled, and frightfully ugly.—'How far to the Concord turnpike?' 'About a half mile or so.' 'Have you



never been here before ?' said one. 'Never.' 'Perhaps you'll get lost.' 'No,' says the other, 'there is no danger — our house is just at the foot of the hill.' Pointing ahead, 'there,' said she, 'is our hovel.' 'How do you contrive to live here ?' said I. 'O, in our way. We get an honest living — we work for it, and nothing can be more honest than this. We don't call ourselves poor.' 'Who in the world are poor,' methought, 'if you are not?' 'This gentleman don't look,' said the other, 'as though he worked much for his living.' The house was a one story building containing two or three rooms, and was occupied by two or three families. I remarked, 'I suppose you live pretty comfortable here — do a little yourself — get enough to eat and drink — have wood enough to burn and clothes enough to keep warm during the cold winter nights.' 'Yes, I putter round, gather a few sticks for firing and so on, and, thank God, I have got a husband that can work for his living, and if he can't do anything else, can work on a little patch of ground we have. I have plenty to eat and drink. I have wood enough and can keep warm the coldest night in winter if I only have him with me.' She was proceeding in a curious strain. Not knowing what might be said, I felt not a little uneasy, and, as quick as it was in my power gave a different turn to the conversation. The dame who proved herself of such amorous material, was a salt-rheum-eyed wench, of some fifty years old, stockingless, and with all the marks of extreme

destitution upon her. They little suspected who I was, and after I left them, I could not restrain a hearty laugh at their singular chitty-chattiness.

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## ASCENT OF THE MONADNOCK.

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*To err is human. 'Hope deferred,' etc. Misfortunes never come single. Genuine benevolence.*

THIS Mountain is one of the White Mountain ridge and rises to the height of 3254 feet. Having passed the Sabbath in Dublin, N. H. with a clerical gentleman of my acquaintance, who was kind enough to invite me to accompany him to this place on an exchange, we set off on Monday morning to return to Fitchburg. The road led us along the base of the Monadnock. As we gazed at it with eager eyes, the ascent appeared gradual and the summit not far distant. We began to talk seriously of attempting the ascent, and at length concluded so to do. We left our horse and chaise at the nearest farm-house, and as we could not obtain a guide, thought there would be no difficulty in guiding our selves. So off we started. We were not so fortunate as to find a path, and were obliged to make one as we proceeded. This was no easy matter as there was much brush-wood to work thro'. After something of a strain we reached the top of

the first peak. As we looked upward we saw another peak at the distance of a mile. So down we go nearly a half a mile over rocks and fallen trees and up we toil to the height of the second peak. To our surprize and disappointment there is a still higher peak beyond. Surely this, we thought, must be the summit of the mountain. So down we go again and up we toil again. Quite exhausted we reach the height of the third peak. We look beyond and upward, and lo! another still higher and more difficult of access. We were not disposed to give out, though we had little strength left. Like human beings we aspired to reach the utmost elevation. So having reposed awhile we perform another go-down and go-up, but not without incredible fatigue. We look again and the summit is far off still. We seem to make no approach to it. It appears more distant than when we first began the ascent. Exhausted and heart-sickened we are ready to give over the pursuit. But it is *dreadful* hard, when one has toiled so much, to fail of the object sought. So we think we will make one more effort, trusting to a kind providence that it will be all required of us. We reach the elevation of this peak and look around. It is the loftiest of all. Our exploit is achieved — our solicitude at an end. Our toil rewarded. We remained some time on the summit to derive all the pleasure we could from the wide and varied prospect, and to gather strength sufficient to make the descent. Having nothing to

eat or drink with us, and of course were about half famished. At length we left the many peaks, over which we had traversed, 'alone in their glory,' and sought the base of the one on which we stood. How sadly unfortunate! Instead of finding anything like a path as we expected, we were obliged to penetrate through a forest all but impenetrable, and which human foot had never penetrated before, to slide down fearful declivities of bare rocks, and sometimes, with nought to hold by but twigs and shrubs, to drop ourselves from perpendicular precipices, not knowing what foot-hold we should find below. We were in a melancholy plight before we had made half the descent. Our shoes, a few hours before all shining bright, worn to the color of the grey rocks — our suits of black none the more comely for their rough treatment from bushes and briars — our strength all gone — our hearts faint — and countenances as pallid as if the grave was about to claim us. We feared we should die upon the mountain and become the food of the vultures, our bones whiten in the depth of the forest; and what had become of us ever be a mystery. However such proved not to be our fate. We lived to get into the lowlands and made out to stagger to the nearest farm-house. We told the farmer's wife, in the fewest words, the plight we were in and begged of her to accommodate us with a bed to lie down and rest ourselves. We obtained what we wished and soon fell asleep — losing all recollection of the past. It was

several hours and towards the close of the day before we again made our appearance. In the meantime our kind hostess had provided for us an excellent supper, and had sent one of her sons after our horse and chaise, which was no less than two or three miles off. We ate heartily and would have repaid her well for all she had done for us, but she refused to take the smallest compensation. Blessings on thee, good woman ! Thou hast cast thy bread upon the waters. May it return to thee again ! We set off considerably refreshed, and that night we rode to Fitchburg — a distance of thirty miles.

## CURIOUS EPITAPH

TO REGALE THE READER.

Free from the stormy gusts of human life,  
 Free from the squalls of passion and of strife,  
 Her lies R—— C—— anchored — who stood the sea  
 Of ebbing life and flowing misery,  
 He luff'd and bore away to please mankind,  
 Yet duty urged him still to head the wind,  
 Though dandy-rigged, his prudent eye foresaw,  
 He took a reef at fortunes quickest flaw,  
 Rheumatic gusts at length his mast destroyed,  
 But jury-health awhile he still enjoyed.  
 Worn out with age and shattered head,  
 At last he struck and grounded on his bed —  
 There in distress careening thus he lay,  
 His final bilge expecting every day —  
 Heaven took his ballast from his dreary hold,  
 And left his body wrecked — destitute of soul.

R—— C—— alluded to in the epitaph kept a wind-mill at Nantucket. His brother — President of a bank there — wrote and placed it upon his tomb-stone. The family had it removed awhile since, as it was a subject of merriment among the visitors of the burying ground.



## MONADNOCK ONCE MORE.

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*Simplicity and cupidity. A little scandal.*

LEFT Fitzwilliam at about 9 o'clock, A. M. and returned at 4 1-2 P. M. Rode eight miles—ascended in 1 3-4 hours—descended in 1 1-2 hours. The ascent two miles—generally quite easy—from Marlboro'. Counted thirty ponds—could distinctly see Keene, Troy, Fitzwilliam, Jaffrey, Dublin and the monument on Wachusett. Forests, hills, pastures, waters, and villages lay out-spread with their various beauties before the eye—a clear rich sunlight thrown over all. Here and there lands, enclosed and cultivated, attracted the attention. The roofs of the farm-houses that spotted the landscape glistened as if newly shingled. It was a rare day and all nature wore a smiling face. Old Monadnock, clad in an impenetrable panoply of solid rock, lifts his head proudly towards the heavens. The decaying trunks of a mighty forest rest upon his bosom in mingled confusion, and excite the astonishment of the beholder.

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‘ How divine

The liberty for frail, for mortal man,  
To roam at large among unpeopled glens  
And mountainous retirements, only trod  
By devious footsteps : regions consecrate  
To oldest time !

Near the summit we discovered money secreted

among the rocks and took the ‘responsibility of removing the deposits.’ I was much amused with the simplicity and honest heartedness of the fellow-travellers into whose company I was thrown by accident. They were a tailor, a chair-maker, and a country store-keeper. The first asked me on the summit of the mountain if rattle-snakes stung or bit. The second was inordinately eager for the tinkling brass discovered under the rocks, and scratched up the mud like a dog after a wood-chuck. He overturned nearly every loose rock from the summit to the base. The last told me pleasant stories about the clergymen of a neighboring village, such as that the Orthodox minister was ‘the greatest black-guard in the place,’ — and ‘nobody could hold a row with him,’ — that ‘he was clear as a whistle,’ &c.—That the Unitarian minister ‘owned the best horse in town, but kept him the poorest.’ ‘When he feeds his horse,’ said he, ‘he will give him half a hundred of hay and not feed him again for a week,’ — ‘and such a driver there is not in the village.’

We all returned to the public house at the foot of the hill, and drank lemonade together out of the same glass, (an enormous one by the by) and then set off for town in our several vehicles — having had a most pleasant excursion.

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PASSAGE OF THE SACO.

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ON my way to the Notch of the White Hills. — There had been in the vicinity heavy rains. The Saco had overflowed its banks and carried away the bridge, I think, not far from Conway. The only alternative was to cross the swollen river where there was the least danger. Our party set off in two vehicles. Some in a double-horse wagon with a driver — One gentleman and myself in a single-horse wagon. As my companion was older than myself and we had taken no experienced driver, he took upon him the chief management. We followed in the track of the others. Where we attempted to cross there was a sharp pitch from the bank to the shore. Here our horse — a high-spirited animal — began to curvet and conduct suspiciously. However it was no time to indulge fears. We persuaded him into the water and urged him on as far as the channel of the stream. There the current was rapid and deep — the wagon seeming to rest upon the surface of the waters as if without wheels. Our high-mettled steed, either terrified by the new situation in which he found himself, or glad of a good chance for sport, and perhaps determined to get us into a bad box, stopped progress and began to leap and plunge. Said I to my friend, 'Give him a loose rein and I'll give him a blow. He will carry us beyond danger at a few springs.' Our experiment did not succeed. He grew more antic and unmanage-

able. My friend, thinking there was no hope, or rather in a paroxysm of uncontrollable fright, threw the reins into the stream, then leaped in himself. Falling somewhat horizontally he altogether disappeared under the water. However he soon came to the surface and struggled for the shore. It was a *struggle* — for the water was as high as his breast and swept along so furiously that he could hardly keep his footing. He at length reached terra firma and stood there pale, drenched, and dripping — a laughable sight even to myself, though in peril. Perhaps, reader, you would like to know the mode of my rescue. As you may well suppose, I was in no very enviable situation — in the middle of a rushing torrent with an ungovernable horse and without reins. What to do I did not know. How it would end was a question. The first step to be taken for security was over the seat into the back part of the wagon. This was necessary in order to escape the wagon in case it should be upset. Luckily it was not — for after a few more curvets and plunges the horse fell and sunk, leaving nothing of himself to be seen but his nostrils and the lower part of his head. I felt comparatively at ease, though still uncertain of the result. It was not long before our friends who were in advance looked back to reconnoitre us. They were not a little astonished to see the predicament we were in. My friend, apparently escaped from a watery grave — and myself in the midst of the raging waters standing upright in our

vehicle with no horse. They were back shortly. How to give me assistance in my perilous situation, they were in no small doubt. The driver saw no other way but to brave the stream, seize the horse by the bridle and help him to rights. The thought was the deed. The horse after a few lifemih efforts stood upon his feet, and with skilful urging and guidance drew me safe to land.

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## PLEASANT MODE OF JOURNEYING.

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*A sublime scene. A trial. Rutland.*

ONE of the most agreeable journies I ever took was with a horse and chaise, in company with a class-mate, through the State of New Hampshire. We filled our chaise-box with volumes of travel and romance — and, though last not least, a singing-book. Our horse was an able-bodied animal, sagacious, and altogether gentle, and had had much experience in travelling — for he had seen many days. He was named ‘Honesty.’ I never think of him but with a sentiment of gratitude, not to say a slight touch of affection. You were safe with, or without reins. If we were passing through an uninteresting portion of country — whenever conversation flagged, which was not often — one of us took a volume

and read to the other, or we tied the reins to the safes and each took a volume read to himself. — When the spirit prompted, if our way was through an uninhabited region, we broke the surrounding silence and regaled ourselves with an air of solemn music in harmony with the scene. Some of the points of our route were Concord, the Capital of the State, Newport, Claremont, Charlestown No. 4, and the thriving towns along the banks of the blue Connecticut towards our native State. I shall never forget that time

‘ When the heavy night hung dark  
‘ The wood and waters o’er

and we wound our unknown and perilous way up and down the steep hills of Newport—when the black thunder-clouds were dispersed in masses over all the heavens, and the lightning darted from one to the other with dazzling brilliancy, leaving us in a moment in ten-fold gloom, and the far-distant burnings in the forest, on either side reminded us of those days, not long since gone, when the Indian gathered about his council-fires on these same valleys and hill-sides. We reached the place at last, much to our joy, but were near being obliged to proceed further, as every room and bed in the public house were taken up by persons from the neighboring towns, who had congregated to attend a revival meeting. We however prevailed on the landlord to put us up a bed in the passage-way leading down the back stairs. It was a warm night and we left the window open at the head of our bed. So that what with the noise of the



late nightly meeting in the church, which was within hearing distance, and domestics, in attendance upon some sick person in an adjoining room, going up and down stairs, we slept but poorly, and were glad to be off again the next morning. Though the weather had changed and the wind blew very cold we saw many females on their way, before the sun had risen to attend the morning prayer meeting.

On the elevated land of Rutland. — A bleak and dismal spot. The night dark and cold, and winds careering high. In bed turning over the ‘Mysteries of Udolpho.’ What wonder that imagination was wrought up and sleep was not easily courted !

I might say something of each the places we passed through — not forgetting some incidents that occurred — but it is best to reserve space for other matters. Let me recommend such a tour to every one who loves pleasure and would make the most of his travels.

## WHITE HILLS.

*White Hills—Mt. Clinton. Tornado. Winnipiseogee Lake. Red Mountain. Not so easy to meet death as one thinks for.*

LEFT Castine in the packet at 7 o'clock in the evening,—arrived in Belfast at 1 1-2 after a rainy and disagreeable passage. Cabin extremely wet and cold part of the time — extremely hot and uncomfortable the remainder. On our arrival when we came from below, the moon shone with unclouded majesty. Repaired immediately to the public house, found no one, and could find no one, though the house was open. threw myself on a sofa-bedstead, without covering, was chilled through and suffered intolerably. Sleep uneasy and unrefreshing. Left in stage at 5 A.M. for Augusta — sick most of the way. A route of no interest. Arrived in Augusta between one and 2 P.M. forgot to pay passage and was pursued by driver half way to Hallowell. Not a very pleasant occurrence. Paid for myself and little brother \$5 --- the usual fare. How exorbitant! Preached in H. on Sunday and left on Monday at 4 o'clock, A. M. Reached Paris that day --- distant forty miles --- was overset while descending the banks of the Androscoggin and a little bruised; spectacles buried in the sand. —Regaled by delightful music at Paris. Left at 7 o'clock in the morning for Fryburg, distant thirty five miles, Took horse and chaise at this place

for White Hills through North Conway and Bartlett. Visited Mts. Washington and Clinton. The weather unfavorable on Mt. Washington. Obtained a magnificent prospect from Mt. Clinton. It is more than two miles to the summit of Mt. C\*.

ascended in two hours accompanied by a guide. Mts. Washington, Pleasant, Franklin, Munroe, Jefferson, Deception, Kearsarge and Chocorua' Peak, or Peaked Mountain, indeed a 'grand sierra of mountain peaks' rose around us. The Saco and Ammonoosuc have their rise among these 'crystal hills.' The height of Mt. Washington is variously estimated. Dr. Williams says 7,800 feet above the level of the ocean. Dr. Cutter, 10,000 feet. It is said to be visible 30 leagues at sea --- which would be a distance of 165 miles. Therefore, according to Dr. Dwight, its height must be 12,000 feet. Every body has read, or ought to read his interesting sketch of all that is remarkable at the White Hills, so that the patience of the reader will be spared any effort of mine.

Crawford's house. --- The highest inhabited spot in the United States.—3,000 feet above the level of the sea. He is not much at his ease in his situation of innkeeper. 'To be scolded at every day,' said he, 'for not having every variety of every thing --- Pox on't !! I had rather hoe potatoes from sun-rise to sun-set.' Followed up the 'silver cascade,' near to its source. Penetrated the wild and awfully solitary ravines near the Notch. The sides of the

Mountains at the Notch are about twenty-two feet apart. But let others talk of the wonders.

Returned to Fryburg on second day. Took horse and chaise for Centre Harbor, 40 ms. rthrough Eaton, Tamworth, Sandwich, Moultonboro'—got off the road and travelled round some ten or fifteen miles. Threaded a pine woods and witnessed the wonderful effects of a thunder-storm, or tornado in tearing up by the roots some of the sturdiest trees, several of which had fallen across the road, but were removed. It was such a tornado as Dante describes :

‘ A mighty wind  
Which, rushing swift to cool some fervid zone,  
Shatters the wood, and sweeping unconfined,  
Tears off the boughs, beats down, and hurls away ;  
In clouds of dust advances proudly on,  
And fills the beasts and shepherds with dismay.’

Centre Harbor is at the head of Winnipiseogee Lake --- a lake said not to be inferior to the far-famed Lake George. It contains not less than 365 islands in its waters. In the vicinity of this lake is a peculiar elivation, called Red ‘ Mountain,’ from its remarkably red appearance at a distance. It is an object with travellers to ascend this mountain. My little brother and myself were desirous of making the ascent. So, as is usual, we took a guide and saddle horse with a horse and wagon, and rode to the base of the mountain, a distance of four miles. We unharnessed our wagon-horse and saddled him

and my brother and myself mounted on horse-back. Our guide being on foot, we thus commenced the ascent. It is 13-4 miles to the summit. The path is stony and precipitous in some places, but it is not a difficult matter to ride to the summit.

Half way up this mountain, or more, on a comparatively level spot, is the cot<sup>y</sup> of an old man who when young and newly married took up his abode here in the depth of the forest and among the wild beasts — driven, as he told me, by necessity from the haunts of men. He goes by the appellation of the ‘Old Man of the Mountain.’ He is very obliging to those who reach the place of his habitation, and delights to impart to them all the information in his possession. He has two children who are deaf and dumb, but are far from lacking shrewdness. We were regaled with blue-berries and an abundance of blue-berry cake gathered and made by his deaf and dumb daughter. The old man seemed to be glad to go to the summit with us, and we were not at all sorry. So we moved on,—part on foot — part on horse-back. On the way something led me to relate to him the ancient fable of the Old Man of the Mountain and Death. In turn he related to me an anecdote of his wife, wherein the fable was reduced to fact. His wife went one afternoon to visit some of her neighbors several miles off. She was to return before night, and he had agreed to meet her at a certain place to accompany her the rest of the way home. She did not start until it was rather

late and the neighbors told her 'they should think she would be afraid the bears would catch her.' She replied that 'she had such a hard lot in this world that she did n't care if they did.' The bears were not such great strangers in those days as they are now, and it happened that before she had reached the place where her husband was to meet her, she espied, beside the path and very near to her a large black bear working his nose under the trunk of a fallen and rotten tree. He heard foot-steps and looked up. The poor woman was frightened almost out of her senses. Though she had endured and was likely to endure many more trials, she was not quite prepared to be seized and devoured by the wild beasts. She was no more ready to obey the summons than the old man of the fable.

We eased the ascent by such unrestrained chat and in a short time found ourselves upon the summit. We were one hour in the ascent. The view from this mountain is almost unrivalled for beauty. Winnipisseogee lake with its multitude of arms extending in all directions and its hundreds of islands of every shape, size and aspect — Squam lake, small compared with the former, but very beautiful — even romantic, though with an unromantic name — lie spread out distinctly before the eye. But I shall not attempt a description of the extensive and delightful prospect after the excellent and accurate one of Dr. Dwight.



MEMOIR  
OF  
REV. HENRY AUGUSTUS WALKER.

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‘ Like other tyrants, Death delights to smite  
What smitten most proclaims the pride of power.’  
YOUNG.

THE papers have within a short time brought us the melancholy tidings of the death of Mr. Walker on one of the West India Islands. He died at Santa Cruz, Feb. 17th, 1838 — aged 28, and was interred on the island at his own request.

I cannot consent that the grave should close over the remains of the deceased without some effort to keep alive his remembrance. For he was an individual of no common excellence. I feel moreover, that as I was so fortunate as to enjoy his friendship for many years, some tribute is due from me to his memory. Says the wise man, ‘The memory of the just is blessed.’ Such is the memory of the departed.

Mr. Walker was a native of Charlestown. My first acquaintance with him was at Billerica, to which place we were sent when boys to attend the academy, then under the superintendence of the Rev. Bernard Whitman. Here he exhibited the same

qualities which marked his character in after life. He was fitted for college at Exeter, N. H. While in this place he experienced the power of religion through the ministrations of a Trinitarian clergyman, and connected himself with his church. This step he afterwards regretted, and it occasioned him considerable uneasiness of mind. He was about beginning his collegiate career. He entered Cambridge University in 1826. Though I had been in College one year, circumstances threw us much together and we became very intimate. I ever found him gentle and modest, sincere, affectionate and true, devoted to his studies, singularly just in his judgements of persons and opinions, and possessed of the deepest moral and religious principles. His diffidence was great, and it led him to shrink from much intercourse with his class-mates, and caused him often to appear to disadvantage in the recitation room. He however stood well with his fellows and graduated with a respectable rank. The time had arrived for him to enter upon a profession. The temper of his mind was always serious, and he chose with readiness the profession of Divinity. The great question with him was where he should commence his studies — whether at Andover or Cambridge. Some of his family preferred he should study at the former, others at the latter place, according to their particular creeds.

His own mind was wavering. At length after much deliberation upon the subject, he concludeds

to go to Cambridge, though inclined to a graver Theology than that which prevails there. As I did not enter the Theological School until the second year after my graduation at college, Mr. Walker and myself were in the same class. Our intimacy now became more close than ever. The condition of my own mind was not very different from that of my friend. I felt a disposition for something a little more grave than the Theology of Liberal Christianity. Still my mind, like his, was in a very undecided state in regard to the great questions in dispute among the different sects of Christians. My friend and myself were determined to preserve our minds as free as possible from all prejudice or partiality, to study the Scriptures in their original languages with care and earnestness, and to receive those doctrines as true which we should find taught, be they Trinitarian and Calvinistic, Unitarian and Arminian, or whatever different. For the space of three years we were in each other's company some part of almost every day. We studied together. We read to each other. We discussed more or less almost every difficult point in Theology. The more we investigated and reasoned, the more all tendencies to orthodoxy were checked within us, until at length we became firmly grounded in the principles of Liberal Christianity. We rejoiced in the liberty where Christ had made us free.

As soon as we had finished the prescribed term of theological study, we took a tour in company

through the several States, visiting the Falls of Trenton and Niagara, Lake Erie, Pittsburg, the Allegany Mountains and Bedford Springs in the Southern part of Pennsylvania. As a travelling companion he was all one could desire, intelligent, curious, agreeable, persevering and never disturbed by trifles. This tour, of which it becomes me to speak cursorily and only so far as it is connected with the life of him whose remembrance should be cherished, was beneficial to Mr. Walker's health, as well as his mind. It gave him an opportunity of mingling more freely with mankind than he had been in the habit. After this he preached a few times and then prepared for a journey to Europe, in part for the benefit of his health and an acquaintance with the world, but especially for greater advancement in theological science. He was abroad nearly two years. He travelled in England, Scotland, France and Germany. In Germany he remained some time at the University in Berlin, devoting his time and strength to his favorite studies. He collected something of a library of German theological works, which he brought home with him. I have heard him converse upon the subject of his travels. He seemed to have turned them to a good account—having, treasured up much knowledge of men and things. Whatever he saw, heard, or learnt, he could describe with remarkable vividness and truth. He had accurately observed the characteristics of the different nations among which he travelled, and possess-

ing much discrimination and acuteness, he was scarcely surpassed in the skill and exactness with which he could severally represent them. Soon after his return from abroad he entered upon the duties of his profession, and wherever he labored in the vineyard of the Lord, he left a favorable impression of his character and capacity. His health, though improved by his foreign travels, was not firmly established, and it was not long before it began to falter under the pressure of the cares and responsibilities of the Christian Ministry. About this time some effort was made to procure his services in the preparation of a commentary upon the New Testament, and some arrangement would have been made by him had his health permitted. No one could be better qualified for the task than himself. He was an unprejudiced and faithful student, was blessed with a strong and accurate understanding, and I may say, for one of his age, was learned in the Scriptures. We have great reason to lament that he was not spared to accomplish this work. His health continued to decline. It became necessary for him to withdraw from the labors of his profession, and at length to give over all mental exertion whatsoever. For some time before he sailed for the West Indies he had been confined to the house. While he was in this failing state, the death of his father must have operated upon him unfavorably. I saw him from time to time when I visited C—n. but I could perceive no ground of encour-

agement that he would ever entirely recover. There appeared to be no vigor in his constitution. He was obliged to take medicine constantly, and at length a cough, though not a very bad one, seized upon his vitals. I was unwilling to give up all hope, but the last time I saw him I felt that his fate was sealed. One of his physicians advised him, as the only chance of prolonging his existence, to resort to a warmer clime. When he informed me he had determined to go, I had, I confess, but little faith in its being of any ultimate benefit to him. Indeed it seemed to me there was but a bare possibility of his living to reach home again. As far as I could judge he had not much hope himself. Pale, emaciated, without strength, his bodily system out of order, and growing more so every day, depressed and almost discouraged in mind, when I bade him farewell I did it with a heavy heart, feeling that I should not see him more. He was to sail the next week, and when the time came, it is not difficult to conceive the many saddening feelings with which he must have left his home, so dear to him — his sick mother — his brothers and sisters who loved him and hoped, though against hope, that he would live to be an ornament to the church and an honor to his name. Circumstances were such that neither brother, nor sister — neither friend nor acquaintance could accompany him. His only companion was a servant and a stranger. From his last conversation with me it appeared he was satisfied,



if his passage off the coast was bad, all would soon be over with him. He felt that he was running a great risk, but it was for his life ; and what will not man do for his life ?

The voyage at first seemed to be beneficial, but during the latter part of it he relapsed, his lungs discharged blood freely, and the last four nights were very distressing to him. He told his servant once or twice he did not think he should live until morning ; and the thought of dying on board and being thrown into the sea was dreadful to him. Every effort was made to dispel apprehension and to sustain his spirits. When at length the vessel was said to approach land he was much relieved and rejoiced. He reached the island of Santa Cruz on Wednesday, 14th of Feb. Dr. Stedman, who visited him, considered him a very sick man, and his situation called forth much sympathy from him and many others. On Friday he was able to walk about the apartment and entry of the house where he lodged. The warmth of the climate however prostrated his little remaining strength. On Saturday morning he spoke to his servant and told him he would try to get up. In the effort he was seized with a shivering and fainting turn, which produced utter senselessness for some minutes. The physician was called. He had already pronounced him consumptive as well as dyspeptic, and he now pronounced him beyond hope. After some persuasion he felt it his duty to inform him of his situation and that he had but little time to live. The infor-

mation, to his agreeable disappointment, was received without a murmur or a sigh—with the most perfect composure and resignation. He was asked if he had any directions to leave behind him. As he had arranged all his affairs before his departure, he had but little to say. His thoughts doubtless were with his God and his distant friends. Before he expired, he took his watch from around his neck and, reaching it to his attendant, told him to carry it home. These were the last words he spoke. In a few minutes after he fell asleep in death.

Reader, think of that death-bed — on a sea-beat island, far away from country and home, with none but the eyes of strangers fixed upon him, and none but hands of the stranger to administer to him in the last great agony! ‘Let me die among my kindred,’ becomes the prayer of every heart. It appears however that his end was peaceful and serene. He was a good man and regarded himself in the hands of God in any part of his universe.

How blest the righteous when he dies !

When sinks a weary soul to rest,

How mildly beam the closing eyes,

How gently heaves the expiring breast!

So fades a summer cloud away,

So sinks the gale when storms are o’er,

So gently shuts the eye of day,

So dies a wave along the shore.

The following extracts from a letter dated ‘ Santa Cruz, February 18th, 1838,’ has been put into my

hands, and contains particulars of such interest concerning his death and burial as to justify its publicity:

"In that new made grave was but yesterday interred the body of Rev. Henry A. Walker, a young Unitarian clergyman from, as we are told, Charlestown Mass. Although we knew him not, we could not but feel deeply interested in him, so far separated from all his near friends. He arrived here about a week since very sick, very feeble indeed, but apparently unconscious of the fatal character of his disease, as he told Dr. Stedman that his lungs were not affected, and that if he could cure a particular symptom of dyspepsia of which he complained, he should get well. Dr. S. saw at that time that he would not live many days. He was altogether too feeble to receive any visits, or the little attentions we would gladly have paid him. He fell into kind hands, and if his own mother had been with him, he could not have been treated with more tenderness, or have had more judicious care taken of him. Miss Briggs, his landlady, makes all her boarders love her. Rev. Mr. Lee, the gentleman to whom he had a letter, was absent with his family at the other end of the island, and detained there by the sickness of his mother and sister; but Capt. Spencer, a son of Judge Spencer's of New York, thought for him and felt for him with as much interest as if he were his own brother. When Capt. S. found on Saturday that he was rapidly sinking, he sent for Mr. Livingston, a most excellent gentleman who boards with us, to consult as to the propriety of letting Mr. W. know his situation. They both felt that it would be unkind to let him die unconsciously, for although they trusted he had not then to make his preparation for death, yet they thought he might have some message of importance to send, or some arrangements of importance to make. They felt that it would be doing him injustice not to apprize him of the event, which would take place in a few days, or hours. They called upon Dr. Stedman and requested him to tell Mr. Walker the truth. Although remarkably sincere as a professional man, he felt un-

pleasantly at undertaking the office. He said the young man was so unconscious of being so dangerously ill, and at the same time was so very weak, that the suddenness of the intelligence might agitate him and accelerate his death. Still he acknowledged that under any circumstances he could not live many hours. At length he thought best to do it. Happily the intelligence produced no ill effect. The young man was perfectly calm, and said he had no arrangements to make, nothing to say, but what he could say to Mr. Lee if he came the next day. Dr. Stedman told him that would be TOO LATE; that Capt. Spencer was a gentleman in whom he could feel perfect confidence. Mr. Walker afterwards sent for Capt. Spencer. He was then too feeble to say much, but Capt. S. assisted him as much as he could, by anticipating in some measure what he wished to have said to his friends. Mr. Walker's mind was perfectly clear and calm. He died about an hour after, at 9 o'clock Saturday evening. We all felt very much touched, as you may suppose, when we heard of this Sunday morning. The funeral was to be Sunday afternoon. We went to Miss B.'s after meeting in the morning that we might hear all the particulars from Capt. and Mrs. Spencer. I went into his room with Mrs. S. and looked at him as he lay in his coffin. We could not but speak of his mother, and wish she might have the melancholy satisfaction of gazing upon him as we did. In the afternoon most of the Americans and some of the residents assembled at the house at 4 o'clock. The coffin, according to the custom here, was covered and lined with white cambric and three white napkins were laid under it for the pall-bearers to lift it by. When it was time, the pall-bearers, who had white satin rosettes, or bows on their hats and white gloves, on raised the body and carried it to the hearse. The servant followed first as chief mourner, with a long weeper hanging from the back of his hat, then all the gentlemen in pairs, then the ladies, then the servants of the house and several other colored people following in a little group. We entered the church, where the body was laid in the aisle. The funeral service of the Episcopal church was commenced, and very impressive it was at that still hour of the day, listened to by a little band, in that large church.

“The 15th chapter of Corinthians never had more power over me than then. The little procession moved into the burying ground, and I stood close at the foot of the grave and saw the poor fellow laid in his narrow home. I wish his friends could have beheld the scene. It was a few minutes before sunset, and a breathless and reverent stillness pervaded all around. A group of people, who a few months since were all strangers to each other, met together around the body of one, emphatically “a stranger in a strange land.” The look of tender regret visible in every face as their eyes fixed upon the grave, and the deep solemnity which spread over every countenance as the reader went on with the service, “Man that is born of woman,” &c, I shall never forget. If Mr. Walker had been among his own friends, he could hardly have had, I think, more heartfelt sympathy. My mind has been filled with the subject, and I have thought that if you were acquainted with Mr. Walker’s friends, they might be interested in these little particulars.”

Thus a young man of great promise is prematurely sent to the grave and the fond expectations of many hearts are turned to ashes.

We naturally ask, why such an event is ordained or permitted?

‘Why are the bad above, the good beneath  
The green grass of the grave?’

and, though we can assign some purposes that are answered by such appointments, we are compelled to acknowledge that ‘God moves in a mysterious way.’ Some may think that it would be better to have things ordered differently, but God is not reduced to the necessity of consulting our wisdom to know when it is best to remove his children hence. He is infinitely wise, and all that he does must be right. He has brought us into the world, he knows best

when to take us out of it. Let us be submissive to the Divine will. Let us adore the unimpeachable wisdom of the All-Perfect.

It becomes me, ere I bring this notice to a close, to point out the excellences and virtues of the character of the deceased with more particularity.

The dead are commonly overpraised. — I would not speak of him in terms of extravagant eulogy. Indeed I can hardly venture to speak of him in a manner due to his deserts lest his habitual modesty might seem to reprove me. It shall be my endeavor to speak the truth of him — no more than the truth — no less than the truth.

Mr. Walker was a man of retired habits and seldom made his appearance in general society, but those intimately acquainted with him, will bear testimony to the correctness of the following character. He was a man of a singularly clear and discriminating mind, of great candour, justice, and sincerity. As a scholar, he was correct and indefatigable. He loved study, because he loved truth. He sought for it as the pearl of great price. As a friend, he was faithful and firm. None ever had occasion to question the warmth of his affections, or their truth and permanency. His whole demeanor was that of a gentle, modest, and humble man. His conscience was quick and active. His principles were, humanly speaking, immutable. His feelings were tender and delicate. Though embarrassingly timid, he was, at times, a courageous



advocate of truth and rectitude, an unsparing denouncer of error and vice. He had ability, and when occasion required, he relied upon this rather than his courage. His temperament was calm — dispassionate — philosophic. In fine he was a devout man and ‘in wisdom,’ as has been truly said of him, ‘he was early old.’—Such was the character of the deceased. In his death the profession to which he belonged has sustained a severe loss. To his companions at the University, and to those who were prepared with him by the discipline of several years, for the ministry of the Gospel, this event must speak in tones solemn, affecting, saddening. An extended family circle mourns his unhappy fate and the disappointment of dear hopes. But the consolation which religious faith affords to all who lament the early and sad termination of his mortal career, is that, though gone from them, he is not lost. ‘Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord.—They rest from their labors and their works do follow them.’

# MEMOIR

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### REV. ZABDIEL ADAMS.

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‘ Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us — such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, men renowned for their power — leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instructions.’ SON OF SIRACH.

MR. ADAMS was born in that part of Braintree, now called Quincy, Nov. 5th, 1739. His father, Capt. Ebenezer Adams, was brother to the father of John Adams, and his mother, whose maiden name was Ann Boylston, was sister to the mother of the President. Hence John Adams and himself were a sort of double cousins. They were educated in the closest intimacy with each other, and in after life kept up a cordial correspondence. The President was strongly attached to his cousin, as appears from the following observation which he made after his decease, ‘ When I lost him, I lost bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh.’

Mr. Adams was graduated at Cambridge in 1759. He was inclined to the study of law. But his father opposed this inclination, and was earnestly desirous he should enter the ministry. He consulted the wishes of his father, and said on his death-bed he was rejoiced he had done so.

Sept. 5th, 1764 he was ordained as Pastor of the church in Lunenburg.

In 1774 he discovered acuteness, though he did not meet with success, in the management of a controversy on the question, whether the Pastor has a negative voice on the proceedings of the church. He maintained that he has, in the same manner as the Governor of Massachusetts has a negative voice on the acts of the General Court.

The character of Mr. Adams is best illustrated by a selection from the various anecdotes that are related of him. Some that are connected with his name are probably untrue. The following, obtained from the most authentic sources, may be relied upon.

When Mr. Adams had chosen his partner for life, which was about the time of his settlement, he said to her in order to ascertain whether she loved him as well as he did her. 'I am just through my studies, Miss Boylston, and \$400 in debt, and think it advisable to put off marriage for about one year. What do you think?' 'O,' said she, 'whatever may be agreeable to you. If you wish to defer it, I am willing.' 'Are you?' said he, springing from his chair, 'Well, I am not. Worlds would not tempt me.'

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He was very fond of his wife, but tried to make people believe he was not. Indeed if she was out, I have heard it said, he would go down to the gate in front of his house and stand there looking up and

down the road to get a glimpse of her. When she came in sight, he would return to his study, surround himself with open books, and appear to be much absorbed when she came in. 'Well, wife,' he would say, throwing his arms back, 'you have been out it seems,' as if he did not know it before. 'What did you hear?' &c.

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The singing choir of the parish desired the support of a school for improvement in music. Through the influence of a certain individual, who was a man of note in the town, the request was not granted. The consequence was that on the next Sabbath there was nobody in the singing seats. Mr. Adams took occasion to make some remarks to his people on the importance of music as a part of public worship and then told them that unless they furnished music, he should not furnish preaching. He informed the scattered members of the choir that if they had been wronged, he would endeavor to see their wrongs redressed, and on the following Sabbath preached a sermon from this text, of which he made an almost *pointed* application, 'It must needs be that offences come, but woe unto *that man* by whom the offence cometh.' The parish soon reconsidered and reversed their former vote, and the seats afterwards were well filled with singers.

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A certain individual of his parish called on him one day and told him he could not in conscience go

to meeting while the violin and base viol, instruments used at parties and balls were permitted to be in the singing seats. Says Mr Adams, 'Captain --,' calling him by name, 'I had no hand in introducing them into the seats and I shall have no hand in turning them out. All is, if you can come to meeting, very well; if not, we can get along very well without you.' The Captain, it is said was found in his pew as regular as ever.

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He had attended a funeral one afternoon and was following the corpse, in the rear of the procession, to the grave yard. All of a sudden the procession came to a stand. After a considerable pause, Mr. Adams got impatient and walked to the bier to know the cause thereof. The Pall-bearers informed him that a sheriff from Leominster had attached the body for debt. This practice was legal at this period. 'Attached the body?' exclaimed Mr. A. thumping his cane down with vehemence. 'Move on,' said he 'and bury the man. I have made a prayer at a funeral and somebody shall be buried. If the Sheriff objects, take him up and bury him.' The bier was raised without delay, the procession moved on and the Sheriff thought best to molest them no further or in vulgar parlance, made himself scarce.—A Parishioner brought a child to him to be baptised. The old parson leaned forward and asked him the name. 'Ichabod,' says he. Now Mr. A. had a strong prejudice against this name. 'Poh, poh,' says he. 'John, you mean. John, I baptise thee in the name, &c.'

One Sabbath afternoon his people were expecting a stranger to preach whom they were all anxious to hear, and a much more numerous congregation than usual had assembled. The stranger did not come and of course the people were disappointed. Mr. Adams found himself obliged to officiate, and in the course of his devotional exercise he spoke to this effect. "We beseech thee, O Lord, for this people, who have come up with itching ears to the Sanctuary, that that their severe affliction may be sanctified to them for their moral and spiritual good, and that the humble efforts of thy servant may be made, through thy grace, in some measure effectual to their edification, &c.

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A Parishioner, one of those who did not sit down and count the cost, undertook to build a house, and invited his friends and neighbors to have a frolic with him in digging the cellar. After the work was finished Mr. Adams happened to be passing by, and stopping addressed him thus. "Mr. Ritter, you have had a frolic and digged your cellar. You had better have another frolic and fill it up again." Had he heeded the old man's advice, he would have escaped the misery of pursuit from hungry creditors, and the necessity of resort to a more humble dwelling.

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A neighboring minister — a mild inoffensive man — with whom he was about to exchange, said to



him, knowing the peculiar bluntness of his character, ‘ You will find some panes of glass in the pulpit window broken, and possibly you may suffer from the cold. The cushion too, is in a bad condition, but I beg of you not to say anything to my people on the subject. They are poor,’ &c. ‘ O, no! O, no!’ says Mr. Adams. But ere he left home, he filled a bag with rags and took it with him. When he had been in the pulpit a short time, feeling somewhat incommoded by the too free circulation of air, he deliberately took from the bag a handful or two of rags and stuffed them into the window. — Towards the close of his discourse, which was more or less upon the duties of a people towards their clergyman, he became very animated and purposely brought down both his fists with tremendous force upon the pulpit cushion. The feathers flew in all directions, and the cushion was pretty much used up. He instantly checked the current of his thoughts and simply exclaiming, ‘ Why, how these feathers fly!’ proceeded. He had fulfilled his promise of not addressing the society on the subject, but had taught them a lesson not to be misunderstood. On the next Sabbath the window and cushion were found in excellent repair.

The foregoing anecdotes illustrate the remarkable independence and fearlessness of Mr. Adams and the degree of influence which the clergy exerted in his day. — The following anecdotes are characteristic of the man, but are of a different stamp.

One night he put up at the house of Mr. Emerson, the minister of Hollis. Now his host, as was the general custom, took a glass of bitters every morning, and it so happened that they were in the closet of the chamber where Mr. Adams slept. With the morning came his craving for his bitters. He did not wish to disturb Mr. A., but he was very anxious to get his bitters and try he must. So he opened the door softly and crept slyly to the said closet. Mr. Adams heard him, but wishing to know what he would be at, pretended to be asleep. As soon as he had secured the prize and was about making his escape, Mr. A. broke the profound silence of the apartment with this exclamation, 'Bro. Emerson, I have always heard you was a very pious man — much given to your *closet* devotions, but I never caught you at them before.' 'Pshaw — pshaw!' replied his friend, who made for the door and shut it as soon as he cleverly could.

Sometimes he received a good hit, as it is well known he gave many. He said to the minister of Shirley one day, 'My people like to have me exchange with you very well, Bro. Whitney.' 'Good reason why,' was the reply. 'They like to have good preaching once in a while.' 'Poh — poh!' says Mr. Adams. 'No such thing. It is because they like to see you coming up from Shirley on horse-back ; you ride so smart through the town, Mr. W. prided himself on his horsemanship.'

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On an occasion when the Trustees of Groton Academy were assembled, it became necessary for the laws of the Institution to be read aloud. Mr Adams read over a part and handed them to Mr. W. whom all present knew to be less fond of his books than his horse, saying 'Here, Bro. Whitney, you are a *bookish* man — read.' The retort came quick — 'I know as much about books as you do about good manners.'

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A council was convened at Westford to act upon the dismissal of Mr. Scrivener. Mr. Adams was called upon to open the council with prayer. He declined. It was urged upon him. He declined more positively, saying he had made one prayer that morning. He was told that the duty devolved upon him as the oldest member present. They were so importunate that he was a little offended. Whereupon seizing a chair, he arose in haste and offered a prayer to God, the impression of which has not been effaced even at this late day. When it was finished, the minister of Shirley said to Dr. R. 'I think Mr. Adams prays best when he is a little mad.'

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An individual in his parish killed one of his kine and told an older son to carry such a part to Mr. Adams. He said he didn't want to go, for he had been twice and got nothing for his pains. A younger son thought he could get something and offered to go. He took the meat to the house and pushing without ceremony into the room where Mr. A. and

some company were engaged in conversation, laid it down and said in a bold tone, 'Father has sent you this meat.' 'Did your father,' says Mr. Adams, 'tell you to come into the room and speak to me in this way?' 'No,' replied the boy. 'Let me shew you, then,' said Mr. A. 'how you should have done you errand.' So having told the boy to sit down in a certain chair, he took the piece of meat and going out of the room came back in a very modest manner and said to the boy, (representing Mr. A.) in a very respectful tone, 'Father has sent you a piece of meat, if you will please to accept it.' 'Yes, I will,' says the boy, 'and, wife, give the boy two coppers.' This reply pleased Mr. A. so much that he told the boy to go into the next room and tell Mrs. Adams to give him the two coppers. Mr. Adams was always pleased with indications of brightness in the young and he frequently talked with them with a view to try and bring out their wits. Such replies as these afforded him much satisfaction and delight, perhaps the more, because the young were generally afraid of him and kept at a distance. Riding along on horse-back one day, he asked a boy he met, 'Who lives in that house, my boy?' pointing to a house about which he and everybody knew. The boy looked up in Mr. A.'s face roguishly and said, 'Mr. Nobody lives there and he's not at home.' Mr. A. rode on with a hearty laugh.

At another time he asked a boy which way he should take to a neighboring town, whither the young-

ster knew he was in the habit of going. The reply was, 'The way, sir, you always do.' Mr. A. spurred up his horse and laughed heartily as before.

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When the younger son of Mr. A. was in college, he was fined a dollar for throwing snow-balls in the college yard. He expected that his father would give him a severe lecture when he should read the item, or, in the phraseology of the students, 'the poetry' on his bill. On the contrary, at the sight of it, his usual sternness was relaxed to a smile. It reminded him of something similar in its result, which occurred in his own college life.

He was in College at the time when wigs were every where in vogue, and freshmen were treated by the Tutors and the older classes little better than servants. He told his son that he lived under a Tutor and was at his beck continually. That one day he sent for him so frequently he got out of all patience, and went up at last with his wig turned wrong side foremost ; for which he was summoned before the Faculty and fined a dollar.

His older son one Sabbath fell in a fit in Dr. Morse's church in Charlestown. Word was sent to his father at L—g that his son was quite unwell. He immediately came down to see him. As soon as he arrived, the gentleman of the house with whom he boarded came to the gate. Mr. Adams inquired after his son. He was told that he had a fit on Sunday. 'A fit!' exclaimed Mr. A. 'A fit! My

family know nothing of fits unless it be *mad fits*. I have them once in a while, but they pass off without harm.' 

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The following curious anecdote rests on the best of authority. While Mr. A. was engaged in the study of divinity, he boarded with his aunt, the mother of John Adams. The latter was at the same period engaged in the study of Law. Mrs. A. was a pious woman and prayers were offered daily in her family. Her son and nephew officiated in turn. Zabdiel said to his cousin one day, 'I like your prayers very well, John, but there is no variety in them; you say the same thing over and over again.' This remark gave offence to John, and he declared he never would pray again. The next morning at the usual time his mother knocked for him. She waited awhile but he did not make his appearance. She knocked again, but with no better success. She then called on Zabdiel to officiate. He declined, saying that it was John's turn. At length however John came down. Being asked to pray, he arose and simply repeated the Lord's prayer, and ever after he said this and nothing more.

Mr. Adams was subject to occasional fits of depression or hypochondria as it is called.

When he was afflicted with one of these, a son in law who understood him well, called to see him. He asked how he did, 'Poorly,' said Mr. Adams, 'losing flesh and growing thin. I shall not stand it a great while longer.' 'Seems to me,' rejoined his



son in law, 'you do look thin and poorly. I should not think you would stand it a great while.' Mr. Adams little expected this reply. It however had the effect intended. He walked to the glass, stroked his face with his hand, and said in a sharp and strong tone of voice, which indicated an unwillingness to have his account with this world settled hastily, 'not so thin either—I shall stand it some time yet.'

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He attended a council convened to deliberate on the case of a Mr. Pennyman. Upon his return being asked by one of his people where he had been, he replied, 'To a council to consider the case of a Mr. Pennyman—a man rated a half-penny too high.'

Mr. Adams' wife possessed a very retentive memory, and could often refer to chapter and verse when he could not. On an occasion when she had furnished him with something he could not recollect, he remarked to those present with a smile, 'Mrs. Adams has profited much by my instruction; you see the fruits of it, my friends.'

Being asked what he thought of a certain clergyman, he replied, 'He is a fanciful man. If he would pluck out some of the wing feathers of his imagination and put them in the tail of his judgment, he would do better.' In the discription of Lunenburg, which he wrote at the request of Dr. Morse for insertion in his Gazetteer, he observes, with his usual singularity, it is 'more remarkable for the *health* than the *wealth*, of its possessors.'

The following saying of his deserves to be recorded for its practical wisdom, and the sympathy it indicates with the trials of humanity.—‘Mankind do not realize how hard it is for poor people to be honest.’

Mr. Adams was a man who (as the reader might suppose from what has been said) thought for himself on religious subjects, and in the expression of what he thought, was not influenced by the fear of others. For the day in which he lived he was remarkably liberal, in his religious sentiments.

There is an observation which shews the state of his mind on one disputed topic. ‘There are many passages in scripture which seem to imply the final restoration of all mankind, and far be it from me to say that it is not so.’

Here is another, which, though not expressed in a very clerical manner, indicates his deep dislike of Calvinism. ‘John Calvin has done more mischief than his plaguy neck is worth.’ Indeed Mr. Adams was one of the two clergymen in Worcester county who dared to assist at the ordination of Dr. Bancroft. His liberality however does not appear to have diminished his influence, which continued to be wide and powerful. I might proceed with anecdote upon anecdote of this singular man, but it is unnecessary, and the patience of the most patient reader might be wearied. The peculiar and predominant qualities in the character of Mr. A. must already stand out in sufficient relief. His life, like

that of most clergymen, was not marked by extraordinary events. He labored in the ministry at Lunenburg for 37 years. Being fond of study he is thought to have shortened his days by too assiduous devotion to his books. The death of his wife, which occurred in August, 1800, was a deep affliction to him, and he survived her loss not many months. Among his singularities, several weeks before his death he uttered this singular prediction in the hearing of his son, who is now living : ‘ We (speaking of John Adams and himself) shall die about the same time. He, a political ; I, a natural death.’ The prediction was actually fulfilled. The term of the President expired the 3d of March, 1801, and Mr. A. of L. died the 1st. The scene of his labors was the place of his rest. The monument to his memory in the grave-yard of L. bears the following inscription:

“This monument is erected by the town, as a tribute of affectionate respect to the memory of their deceased Pastor, the

REV. ZABDIEL ADAMS,

who died universally esteemed and respected, March 1, 1801, in the 62 year of his age and 37th of his ministry.

An active and capacious mind, nurtured by a publick education, rendered him an acceptable, instructive, and useful minister. The asperities of his constitution were softened by the refining influence of Religion. With a heart and understanding formed for social life, he seldom failed to interest and improve all who enjoyed his communication.

In his ministerial performances a ready utterance, commanding eloquence, and elevated sentiments, made him engaging and profitable.

A catholic belief of the gospel, a respect and love of the Saviour, and a confidence in the faithfulness of God disarmed death of its terrors and inspired a final and certain hope of resurrection.

He was a bright and shining light and we rejoiced for a season in his light.”

Many of Mr. Adams' sermons were printed. I have a number of them before me. Among them is one delivered at Lexington in 1783 on the anniversary of the 19th of April, and an election sermon delivered in 1782 when John Hancock was Governor. With this his Excellency was so much pleased that he presented Mr. Adams with an elegant black suit.

He gave the Dudleian lecture on Presbyterian Ordination in 1794. This performance was highly commended by the President of the University, but it did not appear in print. His sermons were well suited to the times in which he lived, but are not calculated to excite much interest at the present day.

Mr. Adams received a settlement of £ 200 with a piece of ministerial land (which furnished him with wood) and a salary of only £ 80 a year. With little beside he brought up a family of ten children, gave two of them a college education, and though his house was ever open, left an estate valued at 6000 dollars. Such was the economy of olden time.

The personal appearance of Mr. A. was imposing. His frame was large and noble. According to the fashion of his day, he was equipped with a white bush wig of no small dimensions and a three cornered cocked up hat. He moreover wielded a stout walking cane. No wonder it was said of him that 'he carried a great presence.'—I should feel that I had left this memoir in a half finished state and had done injustice to the memory of Mr. Adams, if I did not present the reader with the character

of him as drawn by those who knew him more or less intimately.

In a notice written about the time of his death, but never printed, it is said,

“Few clerical characters have obtained so much celebrity as Mr. Adams. Few indeed have like pretensions to popularity, for it is very uncommon to find united in the same person so much learning, literary taste, and genius. In his intercourse with the world no man had clearer hands. Integrity, candour, and sincerity shone so conspicuous in every part of his behaviour that even his enemies, (if he had any,) must allow he possessed them in an eminent degree. Free and hospitable in his disposition, he received and entertained his friends with cordial satisfaction, and met the face of the stranger with gentle greetings. He sustained a long and painful illness with perfect resignation. He waited the approach of that important hour, which was to decide his future hopes, with noble constancy, and, at the age of 62, closed an useful and honorable life to join the band of kindred spirits in the heavenly world.”

Dr. Thayer of Lancaster in a letter writes, after observing that he entered the ministry towards the latter part of Mr. Adams' life and had not an opportunity of an intimate intercourse with him,

“My recollections of Mr. Adams are highly respectful. I knew him to be one of the most acceptable preachers in this quarter, and that there were peculiarities in his disposition and character which greatly interested all who had an acquaintance with him.”

Dr. Bancroft of Worcester in a letter writes,

“Mr. Adams was distinguished among the congregational ministers of his day. His mind was cultivated, and his compositions for the period polished. He embraced, generally speaking, Arminian views respecting Christian doctrine. He was liberal in his christian—ready and communicative in his

social intercourse.” In his pulpit performances “often he was bold, lofty, and impressive, sometimes weak and uninteresting. In delivery he differed as much as in his composition. Both depended on the state of his feelings. In manners he was unreserved—sometimes rough.—Mr. Adams warmly espoused the prerogatives of the Pastoral office. He was conversant with the general affairs of the Church, and often appeared before Ecclesiastical Councils as an advocate for a party in the controversy.

Mr. Adams was a faithful Parish Minister. His pastoral influence was great, and exercised for the good of the people of his charge. At his death he left his society in a state of peace, union, and strength. They subsequently fell into division and disorder.”

The funeral discourse of Mr. Whitney of Shirley, who lived on terms of intimacy with Mr. Adams for more than forty years, contains the following,

“The God of nature furnished him with strong and vigorous powers of mind, which were enlarged by a public education and strengthened by application and study, which soon qualified him to make a conspicuous figure as a minister of the Gospel. He was distinguished as a scholar at college; and retained his classical learning in a good degree to the latter part of his life. He had a taste for the arts and sciences in general, and in the most of them made very laudable proficiency.. ‘He was a man of knowledge, and understanding was found in him.’

\* \* \* His religion was substantial, not tainted with superstition, nor clouded with enthusiasm, which he always detested; believing where enthusiasm prevailed, the substance and life of religion would soon be lost. \* \* \* For several years before his death, he had a prevailing apprehension that his departure was at hand, and he frequently mentioned it to his friends, with calmness and composure of mind, alledging that he was worn out in the hard service of the ministry; and sometimes would add ‘I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course. I have kept the faith.’”



The following is from the pen of President Allen, the author of the American Biographical Dictionary. Whether he personally knew Mr. A. or not, I am unable to say:

“Mr. Adams was eminent as a preacher of the Gospel, often explaining the most important doctrines in a rational and scriptural manner, and enforcing them with plainness and pungency. His language was nervous; and while in his public performances he gave instruction, he also imparted pleasure. In his addresses to the throne of grace, he was remarkable for pertinency of thought and readiness of utterance. Though by bodily constitution he was liable to irritation, yet he treasured no ill-will in his bosom. His heart was easily touched by the afflictions of others, and his sympathy and benevolence prompted him to administer relief when in his power.”

Such are the life and character of the Rev. Mr. Adams of Lunenburg. Truly he may be numbered among those ‘honored in their generations and the glory of their times.’

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## ERRATA.

Page 5, 10th line from bottom, for 'Nothwester,' read 'North-easter.'

- " 7, 7th l. from t. for 'the,' read 'an.'
- " 12, 12th l. from t. after 'concentrates,' insert 'the.'
- " 20, 2d l. from b. for 'Collection,' read 'Collections.'
- " 21, for 'Letter II,' read 'Letter IV.'
- " 84, 15th l. from b. for 'in' read 'on.'
- " 88, 9th l. from t. for 'Geological' read 'Zoological.'
- " 89, 2d, l. from b. for 'fail-way' read 'rail-way'
- " 100, last line, erase 'then,'
- " 102, 4th l. from b. erase parenth. before 'the.'
- " 105, 1st l. for 'appartenances,' read 'appurtenances.'
- " 117, 1st l. for 'jolity' read 'jollity.'
- " 118, iast l. erase 'and.'
- " 119, 6th l. from t. for 'also,' read 'and.'
- " 120, 6th l. from t. for 'seeds' read 'deed.'
- " 128, 7th l. from t. to 'be' affix 'lieve.'
- " 132, 11th l. for 'contemolate,' read 'comtemplate.'
- " 136, 20th l. from t. insert an ' ' ' after 'Israel.'
- " 139, 4th l. from t. for 'their' read 'the.'
- " 140, 13th l. from t. erase 'the pay.'
- " 141, 7th l. from t. erase first 'them.'
- " 142, 15th l. from t. insert '.' after 'strangers.'
- " 151, 7th l. from b. before 'after' insert 'that.'
- " 153, 4th l. after 'be' insert 'to me.'
- " " 5th l. for 'an—oases,' read 'an oasis.'
- " 154, 11th l. for 'height,' read 'descent.'
- " 157 1st l. for 'thoroughly' read 'in one sense.'
- " 162, 1st l. for 'and' read 'we'
- " " 8th l. from b. erase 'to be.'















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